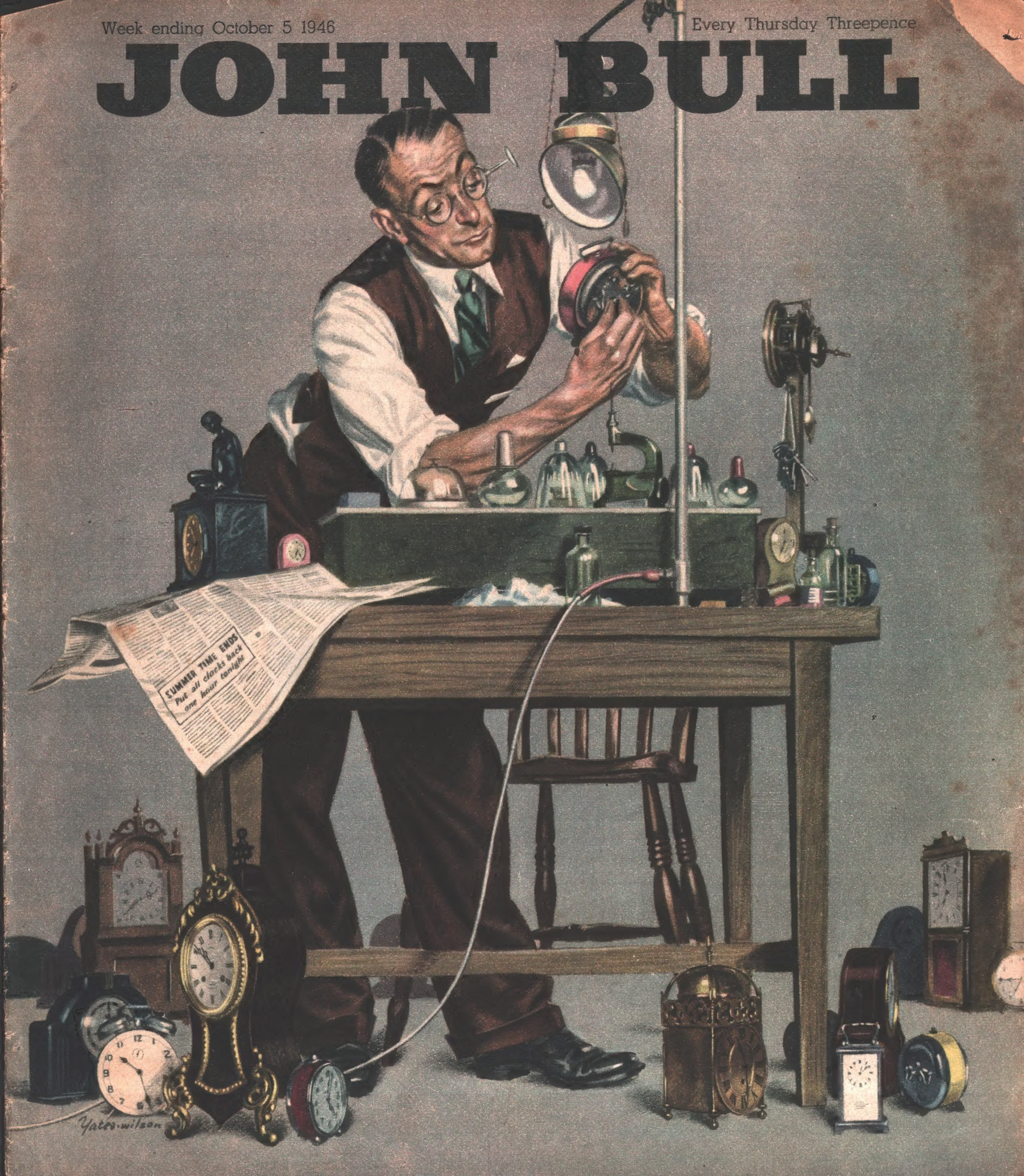
Week ending October 5 1946

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



A passport to GOOD HEALTH

THERE comes a time when everybody feels run down, tired out, depressed, and the reason is often a deficiency in Vitamin B_1. This deficiency can easily be made up by taking DCL Vitamin B_1 Yeast Tablets.

RICH IN VITAMIN B_1

These tablets consist wholly of yeast, each ounce of which has developed during cell growth a natural Vitamin B potency equivalent to that of 25 m/gs of aneurin hydrochloride, 1.4 m/gs of riboflavin and 8 m/gs of nicotinic acid. Each tablet has a Vitamin B_1 potency of 100 International Units (approx.) and is rich in proteins and other nutrients. One tablet should be taken 3 times a day or as prescribed by the physician. The tablets contain NO DRUGS.

DCL *Vitamin B_1* **YEAST TABLETS**

from all chemists **2/3** *(50 tablets) &* **3/9** *(100 tablets)* Sole Manufacturers: The Distillers Co. Ltd., Edinburgh

My mummy uses 'ACDO'

That's why he's such a happy fellow; wakes bright and fresh after undisturbed sleep.

You see, "ACDO" not only washes clothes spotlessly clean—without scrubbing or rubbing—it also washes them velvety soft.

In consequence "ACDO" washed clothes cannot irritate the tenderest skin.

However grimy and greasy the clothes, "ACDO" washes whites snowy white, colours gorgeously bright, and woollies beautifully soft.

It saves fuel and soap, too.

TRY IT also for renovating carpets and upholstery.

You get TWO pkts. 7d. pkts. of "ACDO" for 1 RATION —each small square of a Coupon—enough to do the washing of a family of normal size for one month.

Wash with ACDO REGD. THE GUARANTEED SELF-WASHER

Get 'ACDO' from your GROCER, OILMAN, or STORES

ASTLEY DYE & CHEMICAL CO., LTD., BOLTON

"WHICH FOODS DO WHAT?"—No. 8

finishing touches

Let's face it — it *is* difficult to keep on providing interesting fare day after day. But it is so important. Attractive appearance and variety set the digestive juices flowing and you get far more nourishment from food you enjoy than you do from food which is dull and monotonous.

CATCHING THE EYE WITH COLOUR

This is one of the simplest and surest ways of arousing pleasant anticipation. Make full use of tomatoes and fresh, bright-coloured vegetables like green peas, carrots, beetroots, radishes, to decorate and garnish your dishes. Even that quick sprinkle of chopped fresh parsley works wonders. Cheer up plain puddings with coloured jam sauces. Use cookery colours to enliven the children's milk puddings and milk drinks.

Or you could give contrast in colour between the various items of a meal. Let's say, for instance, you are having steamed or baked fish. That's a "pale" dish, so if you are having a soup before it, let it be tomato or green pea soup. And with it, of course, have a green vegetable, raw salad, carrots or tomatoes according to season. If there's pudding to follow, how about a chocolate pudding or rosy-coloured fruit pie?

GETTING VARIETY WITH FLAVOURINGS

Have an occasional change from conventional seasonings. Try dry mustard as a change from pepper. Use curry powder discreetly with scrambled egg or sandwich fillings. Put a couple of cloves in a beef stew. Grate a little nutmeg on cauliflower or spinach. Horseradish sauce gives a fillip to fish dishes. Mint is delightful in sandwich fillings and in stuffing for lamb or mutton. Bottled essences give variety; try vanilla with coffee or chocolate flavoured foods, almond in custard to serve with stewed plums, lemon in apple dishes.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S.147)

Mum says:

SOAP COUPONS are sure HEALTH COUPONS when you buy LIFEBUOY

Lifebuoy guards health in the home. It removes infection risks by washing away the germs in dirt. It adds health protection to your soap ration.

L 449-943

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

Yes, it's the Odol *smile!*

It's easy to tell an Odol smile. It's a smile which reveals teeth like pearls, gleaming with health and safe from decay.

Be wise! Always use Odol. It is the safest, the most refreshing way to guard the beauty of your teeth.

Keep the winning

Odol *Smile!*

TOOTH PASTE
SOLID DENTIFRICE
TOOTH POWDER
DENTURE POWDER

Collar Attached

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8/6 EACH Postage 7d. for one or two shirts.

Navy shade only. Strong, heavy drill—shrunk finish—Sizes 14 to 16½. 5 Coupons. Post Orders. State clearly size required, also enclose coupons and cash.

John Hawkins & Sons Ltd.

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40 retail branches in London, Southampton, Bristol, Birmingham and other Midland towns and in Lancashire.
MAIL ORDER SERVICE, Dept. J.B.6, Greenbank Mills, PRESTON, LANCS.

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THREE WIDTHS
½" 5d; 1" 6d;
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all four yards long.
AT ALL CHEMISTS

PRESTOBAND

THE ANTISEPTIC SELF-ADHESIVE BANDAGE

Sticks to itself, but not to the skin!

Sole Distributors: Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1

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What about buying the house you are renting?

Talk the matter over with your Landlord ★ Ask for our special 'From Tenant to Owner' leaflet ★ We are very willing to help you.

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Chief City Office: National House, Moorgate. E.C.2. Cen. 6525

CVS-142

THANKS FOR THE APPLAUSE!

We knew listeners would like our 5-valve all-wave superhet receiver, and we were right! Although supplies are limited this set is well worth a little patience . . . a first-rate all-rounder, with particularly fine quality and good short wave sensitivity.

G.E.C.
MANUFACTURERS OF
RADIO & TELEVISION

Prices of the radio receiver illustrated above:
AC MODEL **£15.15** (*plus £3.7.9 purchase tax*)
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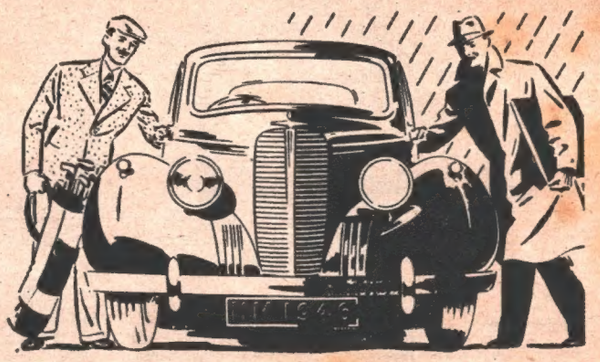
K·L·G

CORUNDITE PLUGS

For the motorist whose car is always in use



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A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

He found them first-rate for factory work, so he's bought some for use at home.

LYBRO Overalls *do not shrink*

Tested to British Standard 1118. Available in Navy, Brown, Khaki and Unbleached.

WORKWEAR LIMITED LIVERPOOL 7

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dye it with

JIFFY DYES

STILL LEAD THE WAY FOR SUCCESSFUL HOME DYEING

Made by the makers of Drummer Dyes
EDGES BOLTON

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localised warmth

A Graham-Farish electric fire enjoys a roving commission. Upstairs, downstairs, it gives you warmth wherever there's an electric plug. It is strongly and soundly built but wonderfully light. A Graham-Farish fire bought today will prove its worth in the chilly evenings later on. 23/6 as shown with brilliant aluminium reflector.

Graham-Farish Limited, Bromley, Kent. Branches at Bristol and Manchester

GRAHAM-FARISH PORTABLE **ELECTRIC FIRES**

CVS-15A

The programme of the Week and . . .

The Manikin half-hour

While Manikins are in short supply reserve them for special occasions. For instance, your favourite radio programme will give half-an-hour of double enjoyment when you light up a Manikin Cigar. 1/10½ for 5.

Manikin Cigars MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

When "Golden Shred" reappears upon the breakfast table you will know that

The World's Best Marmalade

is being made again Until then the Marmalade to buy is

J.R.

James Robertson & Sons (P.M.) Ltd
Golden Shred Works
London, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol

DAMSON CREAM

Late Night Final, White Heart Cherry, Limetail, Creamy Egg Flip, Whoopee, Grand Martini. Wonderful names for wonderful Cocktails. The war reduced the quantity available but it never reduced the *quality* of

Maldano COCKTAILS

Supplies are available in limited quantities from good wine merchants at the controlled price of 14/6d. a bottle.

BEST ON EARTH . . .

because they're seamless

DUNLOP

46/F/7B

Leading the way

In the world of tobacco, Player's Navy Cut has led the way for many years. Today it remains even more firmly established in the affections of smokers everywhere as an honest reliable 'leader'.

Player's Please

N.C.T.568.

. . PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO . .

Royal Academy Beauty Lovely Mrs. David Rawnsley, whose portrait is in this year's Royal Academy, has the pink-and-white colouring of an English rose. The artist has caught all the glamour of her shining hair and satin-soft skin. "I use Pond's for my skin," says Mrs. Rawnsley. "Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and keeping the skin soft, and Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base."

Pond's CREAMS

---

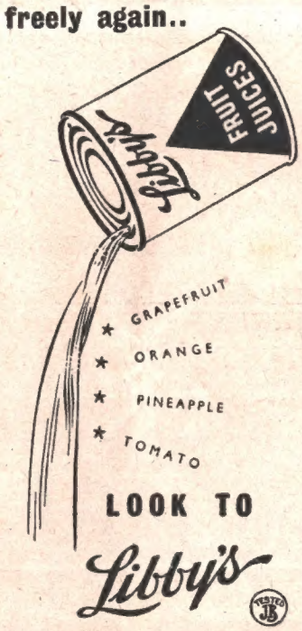
let's have a bottle party

Let's search every cupboard and dark corner for empty soft drink bottles. And when we've collected all that are in the house, let's take them back to our usual supplier. For the advertisements say that if we return all empty S.D.I. mineral and squash bottles there'll be more soft drinks for everyone.

S·D·I

Issued by the Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Association Ltd., 42 Upper Grosvenor St., London, W.1 CVS-53

When you can buy FRUIT JUICES freely again..



LOOK TO Libby's FOR PERFECTION

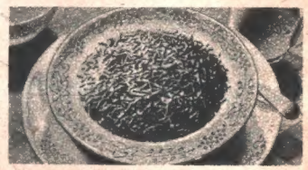
Returning some day soon: Libby's Fruits and Juices, Asparagus, Evaporated Milk, Alaska Salmon, Corned Beef, Homogenized Vegetables for Babies —and all Libby's 100 Famous Foods!

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LIMITED

THE FOOD

that relieves constipation

Not a medicine, not a drug— just a crisp breakfast cereal



CONSTIPATION claims more victims today than before the war. This is mainly due to strain, nerves — and the kind of food we eat. Most meals lack *bulk* — not enough waste is left after digestion for the intestinal muscles to take hold of; they become lazy, and you get constipated.

The best way to correct this is to get more bulk in your diet — by eating a dish of crispy, delicious Kellogg's All-Bran at breakfast-time. This health-giving cereal will provide the *bulk* needed to make the sluggish muscles do their work in a normal, regular way.

Have All-Bran every morning — drink plenty of fluids. By doing this you'll relieve your constipation and feel the glorious fitness that comes from perfect regularity.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Price 7½d.—on points

What is a good breakfast?

OPINIONS vary, but most would agree that it ends up with Rose's Lime Marmalade. Rose's has a way of making your day. Words cannot convey its appetising tang, but they can say that you get it on your jam ration. It costs no more than any other fine marmalade.

Rose's LIME MARMALADE

THE DIFFERENCE IS DELIGHTFUL

Ah! BISTO

FOR DELICIOUS GRAVY

ISN'T IT NICE when friends admire something in your home? You feel quite proud! If you give your grates and surrounds the brilliant Zebo shine (like rich black satin) you will be thrilled with the result, and your friends, too, will notice the difference.

You'll find Zebo much quicker and easier to use, because it's a *liquid.* A rub-over and a quick polish and you're through.

ZEBO

LIQUID GRATE POLISH

Reckitt & Sons, Hull and London

ONLY THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH—

so the CALL is for

GILBEY'S GIN

Points worth Remembering!

Much NICER because they're malted

More NOURISHING because they're wheat

QUAKER (Malted) WHEAT FLAKES

Crisp—Crunchy—Digestible

4 POINTS . . . 10 HELPINGS . . . 5½d. A PACKET

Goodness me,

they've put a new label on our Nestlé's Milk! Yes, but only the label is changed. The milk itself is still and always will be goodness itself; milk at its purest, richest and creamiest best.

JOHN BULL October 5 1946 Volume 80 Number 2103 186 High Holborn London WC1 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

BACK TO THE OLD PROBLEMS

by THE EDITOR

NEXT TUESDAY, Ministers of State and Members of Parliament will return to Westminster.

They will find that the old place looks very much the same — especially as most of the old problems are still hanging around, and some of them have been aggravated by events during the vacation.

For a few weeks after its return, the House will be kept busy finishing off the Labour Government's first year's work. Then, after a short breathing space, the second year's serious work will start.

The Government, which has already set up a record in speedy legislation, is expected to press on at a great pace with the socialization of Britain which was begun last session. It is, of course, completely justified in doing so. It is showing unusual energy in fulfilling so rapidly some of its chief promises to the electorate.

But there will be many, even among the keenest supporters of the main Parliamentary programme laid down by the Government, who will nevertheless say, at this stage: spare a little more time for the immediate domestic problems; let troubles and grievances like those which have recently found an unfortunate outlet in "squatting" be thoroughly ventilated and thrashed out in the legitimate place—the House of Commons.

Parliament should be a safety valve for the difficulties and disputes of this troublous post-war period. Every "grouse" should be given the fullest possible discussion. And nothing should be left undone, however much it savours of improvisation, which might ease the immediate difficulties of the British people.

BLACKEST OF THE BLACK MARKETS

IN LAUNCHING his new housing drive, Aneurin Bevan has shown a timely sense of the urgency that now applies to all domestic problems.

He also made a noteworthy revelation of the part played by black market activities in hampering the whole housing programme.

"This large-scale frittering away of labour and materials which ought to be used for providing houses for those in dire need has got to stop," said Mr. Bevan.

He is right, of course. It is worse than a scandal that this blackest of black markets should thrive in our midst at a time like the present. The public will support the most drastic measures the Ministry of Health can devise to stop it.

But, as Bevan pointed out, it is not easy to check the misuse of materials and labour on non-essential work. The black market has too many ways of covering up.

The one thing which can and must stop it is the full mobilization of public opinion against it.

The unscrupulous builder — the workman who prefers the better-paid black market job—these people may dodge Government officials but they cannot for long withstand the scorn and anger of the public.

Publish the facts about them and their activities, and the black market will soon be too hot to hold them.

UNITED NATIONS WEEK

THIS IS United Nations Week. Hundreds of meetings have been held all over the country and politicians of all parties have set aside their differences and taken part in the campaign organized by the United Nations Association—more easily recognized under its old name of League of Nations Union—to tell the British people about UNO.

This campaign was badly needed. A recent public opinion poll revealed astonishing general ignorance of the meaning, aims and intentions of the United Nations Organization. Some people apparently do not even know what the letters UNO stand for!

If the United Nations Organization is not going to decline and decay after the fashion of the old League of Nations, it is important that all whose hopes depend on peace and world order should understand, support and encourage its work.

It is important, too, that mistaken ideas of UNO should be dispelled. Obviously, in present circumstances, a major war is possible only if the Great Powers allow it—and anything that the United Nations Organization may do is dependent on them.

But UNO is much more than that. It represents the beginnings of world organization to remove the *causes* of wars. The economic and social aspects of its work are vital, and its future rests largely on the development of real international control of human essentials such as food.

The United Nations Association deserves thanks for its endeavour to make this more widely understood.

THE SQUATTERS WHO WON'T GO HOME

STILL TOO HIGH

THE REDUCED RATE of income tax comes into effect this weekend.

Not only will 11,000,000 taxpayers be able to enjoy more of the money they earn, but 350,000 workers who started paying the tax for the first time during the war are now again liberated from it.

This is the best practical proof we have yet experienced that our hardships will eventually be lightened.

But the full rate of income tax still takes nine shillings out of every twenty that a man earns above a certain minimum. Only desperate necessity could have reconciled us to this scale of sacrifice.

And we have only partly accepted it. Recently, high taxation has been the chief cause of absenteeism in vital industries. The amounts deducted by the tax collector have discouraged workers from bothering to earn more money.

This is bad for everybody—bad for the individual and bad for the country. Either the rate must be lowered again by the next Budget in April or the people must be convinced beyond all argument that the State is giving full value, in social services and reconstruction, for the great toll it now takes from the individual purse.

BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

by HARRY HOPKINS

While the world is baffled by Soviet foreign policy, the Russian people are working like beavers in homes, factories and fields. Will their recovery outpace the West?

IT'S HARD TO SEE RUSSIA these days for Molotov, Vyshinsky and Gromyko. But behind those rigid backs nearly two hundred million people of many races, inhabiting one sixth of the globe, are throwing themselves into a common task like so many beavers.

And one of these days the psychological curtain may part to reveal a transformation scene which will switch the course of human history.

In the years before the war, the world's imagination was caught by the spectacle of a historic people emerging from centuries of darkness and oppression into the light, moving forward in a mighty body, gripped by the vision of a new kind of life.

The war did not end that great experiment in human living; it only interrupted it.

On March 18 it was taken up again. On that day two thousand deputies of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. acclaimed "the Law of the Five-Year Plan for the Rehabilitation and Development of the National Economy, 1946-50."

A remarkable document this. Filling over a hundred booklet-size pages, it details five years' activities of a continent as nicely as a teacher setting a class's homework. It specifies just how many pickled sprats will be produced in Estonia in 1948, just how many square metres of housing space shall be provided in Moscow in 1950, and how many tumblers will be in the shops that year.

Increasing Livestock

It indicates that in 1950 a Soviet cow "shall" yield 67 per cent more milk than in 1945, a Soviet sheep 30 per cent more wool, and a Soviet citizen 36 per cent more work than pre-war.

This, of course, is nothing new to the Russians. It's an Old Soviet Custom. This, in fact, is the fourth Five Year Plan. The first three—rolling on Lenin's driving lever of ferocious industrialization—quadrupled the national income in eighteen years.

The war was a bitter blow to human hopes everywhere, but nowhere more so than in Russia, caught in the middle of her third Five Year Plan.

For fifty-year-old Ivan Ivanovitch, who saw the Revolution born on the Nevski Prospekt, who fought against Denikin's "Whites," who half-starved for months learning to be an engineer, who slaved away endlessly as a Stakhanovite, war meant that the high hopes that had carried him through two decades of blood and toil were dashed just as the goal appeared within reach.

And now it is all to be done again.

In war-blasted Russian cities, people are living in holes in the ground. No less than 40 per cent of the country's entire cultivated area was occupied. Half the sheep, goats and horses were lost; two-thirds of the pigs.

Restoration of the vital Donetz coalfield can't be completed before 1949. The Baku oilfields fell to half output. Strict rationing even of industrial petrol will have to continue throughout the plan.

It is a measure of the depth of Russia's war injuries that although, under the new plan, industrial output should pass the 1940 mark by 1948, the 1950 targets are mostly rather short of those fixed for 1942—last year of the third Five Year Plan.

"Our first task is to restore and develop heavy industry and the railways," forty-three years old Nikolai Voznesensky, chairman of the State Planning Commission, told the Supreme Soviet.

Particularly "the machines that make machines." The number of metal-working machine tools is to be brought up to 1,300,000, which Voznesensky claims is 30 per cent more than the number of machine-tools in use in the U.S.A. in 1940.

Like a refrain throughout the "law" of the plan occur the words: "laborious processes shall be further mechanized"—key principle of all Soviet planning since Lenin.

It is a principle applied with driving thoroughness. Building excavation is to be mechanized 60 per cent . . . painters' work 50 per cent. There will be more narrow-gauge railways to carry raw materials to collecting points . . . more mechanized methods of handling scrap steel . . . 75 per cent of the railway truck loading will be done by machinery . . . 40,000 Soviet-designed electric saws will minimize hand labour in the forests. . . .

Agriculture, too. Tractors instead of tanks will roll once again from the great works at Stalingrad and Kharkov—and now a new one in the remote Siberian town of Rubtzovsk. The plan calls for 720,000 tractors of 15 h.p.—no less than a total replacement in five years of the entire horse-power of Soviet agriculture.

Driving force behind this unrelenting economization of human labour, genesis of all their planning, is the Soviet religious faith in the omnipotence of Science. The new plan calls for the production of electron microscopes, for multiplying sevenfold the output of electrical and optical precision measuring instruments.

Meanwhile in Moscow, at a cost of 1,000 million roubles, will rise a 175-acre research city, crowned by the new seven-storeyed headquarters of the Soviet Academy of Sciences with a library of sixteen million books.

In Russia, research is certainly no Cinderella!

But however triumphant all these efforts, if the country's vast transport network breaks, the plan falls apart. So, in the next five years, Russia will spend as much on transport as she did in the other three plans put together.

Thousand Cars a Day

By 1950 it is intended that the famous Gorki works will be rolling out 1,000 cars a day. Automobile output will be doubled and there'll be ten times as many motor bikes. In Moscow a Russian "midget" car—the "Moskvich"—will come into production.

Travelling in Russia is traditionally a bone-shaking ordeal. As a taste of things to come one day, there are to be sixty long-distance luxury trains, complete with telephones, radios, libraries, chess sets, showers, barber saloons. . . .

With a programme of 12,500 miles of new waterways, the work of linking the great central rivers will be pushed forward to give Moscow the proud title of "the Port of Five Seas." By 1950, too, the Northern Sea Route, ice-mapped and made safe, will be functioning as a normal sea-lane, and by the end of this year—or so the workers have "pledged themselves" to Stalin—the war-blocked Baltic-White Sea Canal will be open again.

Key figure of the plan, goal on which all eyes are focused, is 48 — a 48 per cent increase to be attained in 1950 over the industrial output of 1941.

To make sure the heavy industries aren't starved for labour, highest pay rates are to be fixed in oil, steel and coal.

For Russia has her coal problem too—but her resources for coping with it are enormous. The new coal map of the U.S.S.R. shows 1,800 coal basins as against 900 on the old map. In the Moscow coalfield sixty-six new mines will be constructed; in the Donetz field, sixty.

Machinery in the mines will be stepped up four times and there will be a big development of the Russian method of the underground gasification of coal which cuts out the miner entirely, merely pumping the coal to the surface as gas, generated down below in the seams themselves. New departure for Russia: 277 coal concentration plants are to be started.

Fuel for the furnaces, food for the workers. In restoring the war-ravaged land, the plan insists that farmers must plant only those special types of grain selected by Soviet scientists for each district. Irrigation and electrification will be pressed on.

This summer, in remote Turkmenia, main construction work started on a canal across the "evil sands" of the Karakum Desert—as large as the British Isles—bringing life to 500,000 acres, doubling the crop of fine, long-staple cotton.

Besides many massive hydro-electric projects, 33,000 small electrical generators, powered by streams, driven by the wind or gas engines, will be spread in a network over the countryside, linked with 700,000 electric motors to light farmhouses, power tractor stations.

In this national regeneration the new "industrial base" in the East—to which 1,300 plants were transferred bodily during the war—has a crucial part to play. The plan deliberately restricts new construction in the old European industrial centres in order to concentrate on filling the wide open spaces of the East—a movement as significant as the development in the last century of the American West.

As yet most of this is on paper only. Will the thousands of figures on paper and the figures in the farms and factories match up?

They should—for the two thousand economists and specialists of GOSPLAN—Soviet State Planning

Behind the stiff backs of these Russian diplomats is a nation feverishly at work to match industrial output with hard-won prestige

Department—have now twenty years of successful experience behind them.

First, GOSPLAN draws up a five-year "perspective" outlining the development of each major section of industry.

Every industrial enterprise in the Soviet Union has to draw up two annual plans—one for production, the other for capital expansion. These plans are examined, collated, modified or rejected by the boards of the appropriate department, then dovetailed into a larger-scale plan.

Master Plan Produced

Finally, the departmental plans are fitted into a still larger scale plan for the whole commissariat. GOSPLAN's men get to work again. The different commissariat's plans are surveyed in the light of the perspective plan, and the nation's resources and needs.

At last a master plan—product of thousands of minds—emerges.

On with the Plan! Each commissariat has its own capital development section, its own staff of "progress-chasers." Through its branches all over the Soviet Union, doling out at stated intervals the appropriations on construction account, PROMBANK acts as financial watchdog.

Charged with the duty of maintaining "plan discipline," the bank's officials can snoop on the site, check the books, estimate costs. Irregularities are reported to Moscow.

British and Soviet planners have their toughest problem in common: more work to be done than men to do it. "Sits Vac." ads jostle in the Russian newspapers. "Workers Wanted" notices hang on every other factory and office door. Desperate managers offer homes with gardens, music while you work. . . .

Soviet planners meet the problem unemotionally by deciding to get 36 per cent more out of each worker than pre-war.

The seven-hour, five-day week is dropped. Under this plan workers will put in eight hours a day, six days a week.

Special training courses will step up the efficiency of 5,400,000 workers in industry, 2,300,000 in agriculture. Fourteen million other workers will be upgraded on the job. The secondary schools will turn out another two million engineers and technicians by 1950.

A bigger-than-ever share of the national wages bill will be paid out in the form of incentive-bonuses to workers who exceed the "norm."

All of which seems to add up to pretty tough going for poor old Ivan Ivanovitch and his wife.

What are they going to get out of this plan—except a lot of hard work?

Well, they'll have a good deal more in their pay packets. Average weekly wage is now around 350 roubles—not enough to buy all the basic ration articles. In 1950 it'll be 500 roubles.

If they're lucky they may get a bit more living space—14½ per cent of total capital investment under the plan will go on housing. Russia, too, is going in for prefabs—and when this "new branch of industry" gets going, the planners reckon they'll be able to throw up a new township in ten days.

One plant is turning out special prefabs for single men to a traditional Russian design which even runs to carved ornamentation.

Business organizations are being encouraged to build homes for their employees and sell them to them on the instalment plan.

Entertainment? There'll be nearly twice as many cinemas as in 1940, more theatres and clubs, twenty-eight new radio stations and a 75 per cent increase in the radio diffusion network. Three new television centres—besides Moscow—will be built at Leningrad, Kiev and Sverdlovsk.

There'll be thousands of extra buses, trams and taxis, and the citizens of Leningrad and Kiev will get undergrounds as Moscow gets a fourth line for its famed Metro and sixty miles of "heat mains."

But what will the Ivanovitches be able to buy with that extra 150 roubles?

Not much.

Today, in theory, they can buy one pair of shoes every two years. In 1950 it should be a pair every year. Today, in theory, they can get one pair of socks or stockings a year. In 1950 they should get three.

Shortage in 1950

The abolition of rationing has now been put back till next year, and even in 1950 there'll still be only half a pound of sugar per head per week.

Here is the estimated 1950 output of a few other items the Ivanovitches would like to see more of:

Aluminium, enamel, porcelain utensils	260,000,000
Samovars	160,000,000
Sewing machines	450,000
Clocks and watches	7,400,000
Gramophones	1,000,000
Radios	925,000
Bicycles	1,050,000
Cameras	530,000

The population of the U.S.S.R. is around 193,000,000. You can work out for yourself what the Ivanovitches are likely to get.

Not much.

One thing they will appreciate, though. The stuff will be a bit better. Food will be a bit fancier too. By 1950 Soviet planners claim their meat-packing plants will be turning out 150 varieties and beating the output of one of the biggest American packing houses. There'll be children's foods and sandwich spreads and prepared lunches, twice as much ice-cream, three times as much bottled beer, and four times as many delicatessen cheeses.

All the same, though, on the whole it's going to be jam tomorrow again for poor old Ivan.

How is he going to take it this time?

Well, when the Five Year Plan State Loan, of 20,000 million roubles, was floated on May 4, it was over-subscribed the following evening; and money was still pouring in from all over Russia. Of course, the state lottery—with prizes ranging from 50,000 to 200 roubles—which is run on the bond numbers may have influenced that!

Industrial Race Ahead

For both the people of Russia and of the world it is not so much this plan that matters as the plans that will come after—the plans that will finally throw the switch of the tremendous productive machine now building.

According to the Fifteen Year Plan formulated before the war, the U.S.S.R. was scheduled to overtake and pass American industrial production somewhere around 1960.

The United States is world master of mass-production techniques. But she is also torn by internal conflicts from which she can as yet discern no clear way out.

The U.S.S.R. still has a great deal of leeway to make up.

The question is, who will come first to the promised land of abundance and light?

If we knew the answer to that we should hold in our hands one of the master keys to the world's future.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

Germs

GERMS, SMALL SPECKS OF LIFE invisible to the naked eye, are to be found almost everywhere, around us and inside us. A cubic yard of fresh indoor air will contain at least one hundred of them. In a large handful of soil you may find about one million million.

★ ★ ★

Comparatively few germs are harmful, and many do valuable service. The soil microbes aid decay, on which depends fertility. The bacteria which make the warts on clover roots take in the nitrogen of the air and pass it on to the plant. All our vegetable proteins (peas and beans) are made with this nitrogen. Ploughed in, the clover roots give vital nitrogen to the fields.

★ ★ ★

The germs in our digestive systems aid digestion. More than three-fourths of the solid waste we pass out of our bodies consists of dead and living germs.

★ ★ ★

The digestive tract germs (*intestinal flora* is the scientific description of them) play a considerable part in keeping us fit. In one experiment in which a number of student volunteers were placed on a diet entirely lacking in vitamin B_1, the scientists were puzzled to find that several showed no ill effects. So they gave them sulphonamide type drugs and fairly soon the expected symptoms of ill-health appeared. The germ-killing chemical, so valuable against dangerous germs, had destroyed the useful germs of the intestine—*and it was these that had been making the vitamin so carefully excluded from the students' food.*

★ ★ ★

Famous cheeses develop their distinctive flavours through the action of specially cultivated germs. The pink colour of ham, and its delicacy, are also the result of germ action.

★ ★ ★

Microbes give the bitter tang to the smell of soil. Perfume makers can extract this odour which, in minute quantities, lessens the over-sweetness of flower scents.

★ ★ ★

But some germs are killers. The chief advantage they have over us is their incredibly small size. There are about twenty-five millimetres to the inch, and in one cubic millimetre of blood there are normally five million red cells; and the harmful germs are a good deal smaller than the red cells they attack.

★ ★ ★

Croydon in 1937 had 311 cases of typhoid fever and forty-two deaths because a workman who had contracted typhoid in the East some years previously, infected a well. Though perfectly fit, he still carried the active germs.

★ ★ ★

One of the earliest carriers to be spotted was an Irish cook—"Typhoid Mary." Wherever she went there were typhoid epidemics. Finally she had to be bribed by the New York health authorities to keep away from food, since at that time there was no law to restrain her.

★ ★ ★

The great mystery of medicine is not infection but immunity. Many thousands of Croydon people drank the infected water. Only 311 went down with typhoid. What made the rest immune? We don't know—though immunity can be produced artificially by injection of dead germs. They cannot harm the body, but call its natural defences into action.

★ ★ ★

Pneumonia and measles are responsible for most deaths among children from one to two years; diphtheria kills between two and five. Unlike pneumonia and measles, *diphtheria can be largely prevented.* If your child is immunized, (a simple, painless process), it will be four times less likely to get diphtheria and, should it still get it, the attack will probably be mild.

PRODUCER WITH A PUNCH

SYDNEY BOX IS NOT SO MUCH a name as a trademark that has suddenly become synonymous with Capra, Orson Welles, Pascal, Hitchcock, Reinhardt.

As with these it offers something different from the usual film entertainment. If you've seen *The Seventh Veil* then you know the Box touch. If you liked that film then you approve of the Box touch and agree with the several million British and American picturegoers who made *The Seventh Veil* a record success.

"This is an exciting time!" a movie star recently observed—and he was not talking about social or political revolution. He was describing the renaissance of British picture making which, apparently, has now been divided into arbitrary periods; B.B.—Before Box and A.B.—After Box.

Box describes himself as a dialogue writer. He is well known for the one-act plays written in collaboration with his wife, Muriel, whom he married in 1933. Together they have published more than sixty plays.

At the outbreak of the war he was making short films. Then in 1940 he formed his own company, Verity Films Ltd., and in the space of two years produced over 120 propaganda and training shorts for the Government.

In 1943 he made his first feature film, *On Approval*, for Clive Brook. It was followed by three others for Two Cities; then *The Seventh Veil* and *The Years Between*.

Box is now in control of Gainsborough Pictures and the foremost producer in J. Arthur Rank's drive to step up the output of British films.

RANK could not have made a better choice than this thirty-nine years old titan. Box never does things in ones and twos. It's always quantity with Sydney. He doesn't go and write one play but sixty; he makes not one film but 120. It's never just one whisky or one sherry. He likes to conduct, not one conversation at a time, but three.

He thus bites off large lumps of life. But there's a baby face, a soft voice, refinement, sensitivity and the odd paradox of urbane naivety.

His attributes fit him—generosity, expansiveness, sanity, a Rolls-Royce, the capacity to joke against himself and a distrust of Gallup polls. His strength is his alertness, a mind like a filing system, incessant determination, business sense and a bank balance. His weakness? A yen to do too many things for himself. He frets and gets moody if he can't.

Every Box production is made to a script written by Sydney and conceived by Muriel. She is slim, dark, smart, wistful, reflective, with sound experience of film making and a good mind for plots.

She provides the story and characterization, mapped out on paper, and Sydney sits down and writes the dialogue. When that's done they quarrel. Out of the battle emerges the final draft.

Box takes it home to sleep on; then rises at five next morning and writes the whole thing out in longhand. He believes with Barrie that good ideas flow right down the arm and out of a pen. Besides, it helps him to memorize the film.

He can quote a scene, if necessary, at a moment's notice, and he will do this to correct any director or actor who dares to interfere with a line. Box is touchy. In fact he can go berserk.

BOX sits through an average of eight films a week and every play produced in the West End. In the rich curry of his daily life there is one ingredient that is added, invariably at the same time, one o'clock. Whether he be blasting a director, or disagreeing with Muriel, or making a mistake, or changing his mind, Sydney pauses and knocks off for lunch.

This is a ceremony of much beauty, performed with reverence in the wainscoted boardroom at Shepherd's Bush. Sydney will serve a judicious drink, limping over with a glass and bottle from the array on the window-sill, then sit at the head of the table with Muriel on his left, a guest, perhaps, and a few of his intimate staff.

The conversation is by Box. He likes to dramatize himself and his background. Everything is a film story to him—including himself. He will tell the heartrending tale of a small boy who sold newspapers in the snow to help feed his starving brothers and sisters. Actually he *did* deliver newspapers as a boy of ten, it *did* snow occasionally and the money he earned *did* come in useful at home.

But in another mood he will tell you of a wonderful mother who fed and clothed her five children, better than any other kids in the district, while his father was away fighting in the last war. "Incidentally," he will add, "the first prize I ever won for writing was for a story which my mother wrote and I copied out."

THERE is a third Box—Leonora, aged nine, at Longdene, a modern co-educational school at Chiddingstone Castle where children choose their own lessons. She is a prolific artist, with one or two paintings in children's exhibitions, and an avid film fan. It is alleged she knows more about film stars than her father and will dismiss an argument by drawing on statistics of their ages and salaries.

But the net cost of absorption in films is that a home life for Muriel and Sydney Box is practically non-existent. They have a flat at Lancaster Gate but this is used merely to sleep in, for breakfast, the Sunday dinner occasionally, for its bar and, Sydney adds, "It has three most excellent lavatories."

Returning from Spain, a few weeks ago, Muriel brought two demijohns of sherry; one very dry, one dry. Sydney decided that separately they weren't right—they had to be blended with some other sherry he had. With his usual weakness for wanting to do everything himself he set out to blend the sherries one night. By twelve o'clock he had it—just perfect—but the demijohns had had it, too.

PRIVATE VIEW OF SYDNEY BOX

The parish church should be the parish home. Too often it holds only the chill of empty pews

ANSWER TO EMPTY CHURCHES

Too many churches stand bleak and more than half empty. This writer wants to make them homely and bright and turn them into real centres of friendship. Then, he says, they would be full again. Has he got the right answer to this problem?

by SIDNEY DARK

DEAN SPERRY, OF HARVARD, in a recently-published book, stressed the value of the English parish church, with its links with the life of the people, generation after generation, and regretted that in the American towns and villages there is no such spiritual centre which belongs of right to all the people of the parish, and not to any one sect or coterie.

Our parish churches, with their more intimate and homely beauty, are unique, and could be a priceless possession. Unhappily, they are the monuments of the past and rarely the inspiration of the present, mausoleums not power-houses.

It is calculated that fewer than seventeen per cent of the English people are more or less regular churchgoers. From my own observation in rural districts, I am sure that fewer than seven per cent of the working population ever go inside the parish church, except for baptisms, marriages, funerals, and at the Harvest Festival and at Christmas, when the church is gaily decorated.

The parish church should be the parish home, as it was in the Middle Ages. People demand colour in their homes. Cottage walls are usually adorned with bright paintings. Church walls are generally bare, as if the Almighty disapproved of bright blues and reds and yellows.

People must relax and laugh if they are to feel at home. In the parish church they must sit unnaturally stiff and be on their best behaviour.

I have repeatedly asserted that one reason why the parish church is commonly nearly empty on Sundays is because the Church of England has contrived to make religion deadly dull. The service book needs radical simplification. The singing, generally the very bad singing, of bloodthirsty psalms should be omitted. Pious doggerel should be blue-pencilled from the hymn books. The clergy should be taught how to preach, which means how to talk simply, humanly and humorously.

Brightened Up

The churches should be garnished as well as swept. The parish home must be brightened up. There should be pictures on the walls. There should be a gaily-decorated children's corner with a crib at Christmas. In every parish church there should be a picture or a statue of the saint to whom it is dedicated.

Under the picture of St. Francis there should be a verse of the jolly Canticle of the Sun. And what a real link these would be between the church and the working parish if, under the picture of St. George, Chesterton's song were quoted:

> St. George he was for England,
> And before he killed the dragon,
> He drank a pint of English ale
> Out of an English flagon.

If the parish church were made homely, it would be easier for it to become the centre of friendship. As it is, class consciousness helps to empty the churches.

For example, in one village that I know, there are nice red mats for the gentry and the farmers to sit on, and bare boards for the children who have to go, and for the few elderly villagers.

One Sunday morning some months ago, I went from the village church, with its handful of worshippers, a prosy sermon, the pious and wealthy churchwarden vociferously singing the hymns out of tune, and the atmosphere of depressing dullness, to the village inn, where men were gossiping and laughing over their pints of beer. Remembering that Christ began His earthly mission as a guest at a village wedding among men and women much as those I met that Sunday morning, I felt that there was more of His friendly spirit in the inn than in the church.

The emptiness of the parish church is commonly attributed to the shortcomings of the parish parson. That is partially, but only partially, true.

Though the clergyman is nearly always grossly underpaid, and is continually harassed by the difficulty of making two ends meet, he is handicapped, particularly in the villages, by being regarded as one of the "gentry." He is rarely accepted in inn and cottage as "one of us."

Yet a man must be a good mixer if, in his parish, he is to be the friend of all the world. He must be able to throw a good dart as well as preach a good sermon. He must know his people and like his people, and he must have no spiritual airs and graces.

The kind of superiority which is often essentially ignorant is always resented. G. H. Gardiner recalls a vicar who, meeting a notorious poacher, obviously grasping a ferret in his capacious pocket, said to him: "Don't you think, my good man, it would be much better for your wife and family if you kept two nice pigs instead of those horrible little beasts in your pockets?" And he received the proper answer: "A nice sart o' fool I should be to go rabbiting with a couple of pigs!" Such ignorance, with the patronizing "my good man," certainly kept the poacher from church.

The Church is a fellowship to which all men are invited to belong. A Church of England Commission has declared that "Christian fellowship is a call to holiness," but holiness is something that the natural man is quite sure that he cannot attain.

The Commission is wrathful with people who, "instead of proclaiming: 'Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect,' advise, 'Be ye good-natured, for your Father in heaven is very good-natured.'"

But the Gospels make it clear that Christ was born to declare that God is indeed very good-natured and that therefore the friendly man is His friend. I believe that the Church Sacraments were instituted to help men to be good companions. If this were made evident, in word and deed, by the parish priest, the parish church would once more have human reality.

The Church should be the encourager of culture as well as of comradeship. Its business is to encourage the love of the beautiful by the graciousness of its decorations, the seemliness of its services, and the excellence of its music.

In these days all sorts of societies are ready to help. We should bring the cinema in church, but see to it that the films have artistic merit and are not shoddy, pietistic rubbish. We should have lectures that are neither highbrow dullness nor cheap babble. The Church should be the distributor of God's good gifts.

The Church should go out in the byways with the revival of traditional friendly services like the blessings of sowings and reapings and the beating of the parish boundaries, and smilingly invite the people to come home, and it must see to it that home is homelike.

Following the lead of Maurice and Kingsley, the first of the English Christian Socialists, of Charles Gore and Conrad Noel, and of William Temple, the Church, above all other things, should be loud and emphatic in denunciation of the social injustice and inequality that make for frustration and unhappiness.

Some years ago, a friend of mine refused the Sacrament to the squire, who notoriously underpaid his gardeners. He was the practical champion of the underdog.

Enjoy the Good Things

The Church must give up being other-worldly. It must proclaim that it is the Divine intention that men should enjoy the good things of this earthly life and that the good things should be fairly shared. The Christian gospel is the gospel of sharing. Unemployment, insecurity, malnutrition, foul housing, frustration, are offences against the Most High.

The Church must abandon pious platitudes for practical tackling of human problems. It must teach that the secular is the sacred and the sacred the secular.

It must be the foremost champion, definite and courageous, in the fight for a full and happy life for all men, the simple as well as the exceptional, against all privilege and cruelty and greed.

It must be the apostle and provider of sweetness and light, giving its supernatural backing to the natural yearning for a good time here and now and teaching that the individual can never have a really good time unless all others have their chance of an equally good time.

It must preach the gospel of love and laughter. When it does that, the common people will hear it gladly, and the parish churches will again be full.

men who probe the mind

The Army called them "trick cyclists." But psychiatrists have a serious purpose. How they work, and what they hope to do for human happiness, is explained here

Early impressions reveal much to the pyschiatrist, who knows, for example, that children climb out of windows to escape subconscious fears

THERE IS THE STORY about one psychiatrist meeting another psychiatrist and saying, "You're doing fine, how am I?"

This and other stories are symptomatic of an increasing interest in psychiatry and in the psychiatrist. Partly this interest derives from the Army, where he is almost affectionately termed the "trick cyclist" and has had a great deal to do with the selection of men for jobs and for officership.

The Army trained some three or four hundred doctors in psychiatry, of whom perhaps fifty were working in that field before. They were given a big job to do and full facilities for doing it.

Sir Ronald Adam, as Adjutant-General, provided the opportunity. Brigadier J. R. Rees, the Army's Consultant on Psychiatry, provided the drive.

He made all the Army's psychiatrists work together, work hard, use a common language and technique—and yet keep true to themselves. For, of course, they represented several different schools of thought and training.

The Army thus succeeded in developing a hard core of several hundred of the keenest and most advanced psychiatrists in the world.

Before the war nearly all work in this field was done in institutions of various kinds, with something under a thousand workers, apart from possibly some fifty-odd non-institutional practitioners. These numbers are likely to grow. Interest among medical students has greatly increased. And many Army doctors are returning to civil life as experienced psychiatrists.

Naturally, the new public interest in this subject comes also from the movies where the psychiatrist is apt to be a glamorous, vibrant personality who by a series of inspired guesses and operatic situations succeeds in restoring to storm-tossed damsels their ability to play highly emotional concertos.

Revolution in Medicine

But mainly the new interest derives from the fact that a revolution is going on in medicine; less sensational perhaps than penicillin and insulin, but possibly more important. For the lives of more people are being affected by our increasing awareness of the part that psychological factors play in illness, health and happiness.

What is a psychiatrist? How is he trained? How does he work? What can he contribute to human happiness?

How is the Psychiatrist Trained?—There exists a Diploma in Psychological Medicine. Most practising psychiatrists hold it. Most institutional jobs demand it. The process of qualifying for it is going to be toughened up.

The budding psychiatrist graduates first as a doctor. Even as a young doctor he will have observed in the sick, in those who know they are about to die, in the relatives who love them, more stress and suffering and anxiety than an active soldier may have seen in a lifetime. If he is wise, he will spend several years becoming a really good physician and learning all he can about the physical factors in illness before he goes on to study the psychological factors.

These he will proceed to study first in himself by submitting himself to a deep psychological analysis by a senior psychiatrist: partly to determine whether he is the sort of person to help others in their deepest suffering, partly to get an insight into the depths of his own mind.

While he is being analysed, he has already begun to study the maladjustments and problems of children in child guidance clinics; of adults in the psychiatric clinics of hospitals.

Wherever he can he will observe the mentally sick of both sexes and all ages: neurotics, psychotics (those who have broken down completely), juvenile and adult delinquents, mental defectives. He will study sex problems, the problems of ageing people, the techniques of selecting people for jobs in which they are less likely to break down—and so on.

Hell of the Mind

Facilities for these studies are still meagre, and that is why the number of fully trained psychiatrists is still inadequate. However, conditions are improving rapidly.

He will spend a little time—not too long—in a mental hospital: long enough for him to realize that the only real hell is profound mental suffering, and how unnecessary much of that suffering is. This is a soul-searing experience; no sensitive mind can perceive it without wanting to do something to prevent all that misery. He dare not linger too long here or he will become callous in sheer self-defence.

When he gets to the fully equipped psychiatric clinic of a general hospital, with its team of psychiatrist-in-charge, psychologist and psychiatric social-worker (a woman), he becomes increasingly aware that there are not only physical and psychological factors to be considered but also social factors, i.e. home conditions, school conditions, working conditions.

The psychiatrist, as a doctor, makes sure that his patients have been completely vetted physically so that the physical factors have been considered. The psychologist may do tests of intelligence and temperament which help to decide whether the patient is straining himself at work which is above his capacity, or boring himself into demoralization with a job far below his capacity. The psychiatrist investigates the social environment of the patient, talks to parents, teachers, employers, husbands, wives and tries to find out where the shoe pinches.

When all the evidence has been collected and a provisional plan of campaign decided on, the psychiatrist will give, over a period, all the psychological help he can. The psychiatric social-worker will follow up the case and report on progress.

The reassurance to the patient is all the greater in that he feels he is being helped by a team rather than an individual; their object, of course, is to help him to help himself as soon as possible.

How Does the Psychiatrist Work?—A very common fallacy is the assumption that the psychiatrist is interested only in the psychological causes of maladjustment and in psychological methods of treatment. On the contrary—as the description of his training indicates—he works on the assumption that unhappiness rarely has a single cause but usually a variety of causes, some physical, some psychological, some social.

Let's take an example or two. Bedwetting is a common symptom in nervous children. Partly it may be due to some weakness or irritation of the urinary organs (*physical*); partly to lack of understanding or unsympathetic handling from anxious parents or indifferent foster-parents (*psychological*); partly to overcrowding, or to compulsory evacuation to foster-homes (*social*).

Or take the common anxiety states or mild depressions of the war-time housewife.

Partly they may have been due to malnutrition and overwork (*physical*); partly to the worry of bringing up children without a father, or to the strain of separation (*psychological*); partly to queueing, war-time shopping, political news and the world situation (*social*).

The psychiatrist is *not* a narrow specialist knowing more and more about less and less. His is not so much a new branch of medicine as a new outlook. He attempts to study—and treat—a man not from one angle, be it physical or otherwise, but from every angle.

"Total Medicine"

In short, the psychiatric approach is that of "total medicine"; that is why it seems to be producing a revolution affecting every branch of medicine.

On the physical side, the psychiatrist may have to prescribe anything from ultra-violet ray treatment to rest or exercise, change of climate, or drugs.

Often a course of mild sedative drugs given promptly and early may nip a breakdown in the bud. It certainly did so with the combat neuroses of the front line. It may tide a man over a crisis until other more fundamental treatments can be brought to bear.

On the psychological side, any help given by word of mouth that raises a man's morale and gives him the understanding and courage to face life is—psychotherapy.

This may be anything from a pat on the back, or on occasion a timely and friendly "kick in the pants," to a prolonged psychological analysis lasting an hour a day, five days a week, for a year or more.

Obviously the treatment will depend on the severity of the problem; the intelligence, age or trainability of the patient; the time available for treatment; the extent to which there are physical or social conditions which can be influenced.

The more psychotherapy one does, the more one realizes how much easier it is to prevent than to

by Dr. MARIOT CHEYNEY

cure; one can do more with children than with adults, because early impressions reveal so much to the psychiatrist.

When you come to social factors, you infringe on a big subject. There isn't a psychiatrist who isn't tempted to think about social factors in terms of a long-term policy of mental health planning, which will embrace education, preventive clinics, the regular psychological vetting of schoolchildren just as we now vet them physically. And so on. It is possibly here that the psychiatrist can hope to contribute most to the mental well-being and happiness of his community.

Inspiration—Not Glamour

What Sort of Man is the Psychiatrist?—He is not glamorous. He may not be impressive. For some reason, impressive people seem to lack "empathy" (i.e. the ability for sensitive intuition concerning the emotions of others). He is less likely to exude charm than to inspire respect; charm is of limited value in helping people to face up to realities that may be unpleasant.

He must be highly intelligent if he is to cope with every level from the child to the professor.

For the same reason he should be widely experienced in the ways in which people live, if he is to help the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker as well as the artist and the intellectual.

Thus, he is likely to be forty before he achieves his maturity, unlike the surgeon who may be mature at thirty.

He cannot be perfectly balanced and need not try. If he were, it is unlikely that he would be as sensitive as he should be to the sufferings of others. He should however know himself and understand his emotions and his prejudices and be able to allow for them.

Finally, he should have a sense of humour and perspective; which means not taking himself too seriously or others too lightly, otherwise his responsibility would be an even harder one than it undoubtedly is.

What is the Contribution of Psychiatry, in a Nutshell?—It tries to study man as a whole—from every angle.

It uses the team approach which is becoming more and more the approach of modern science and medicine.

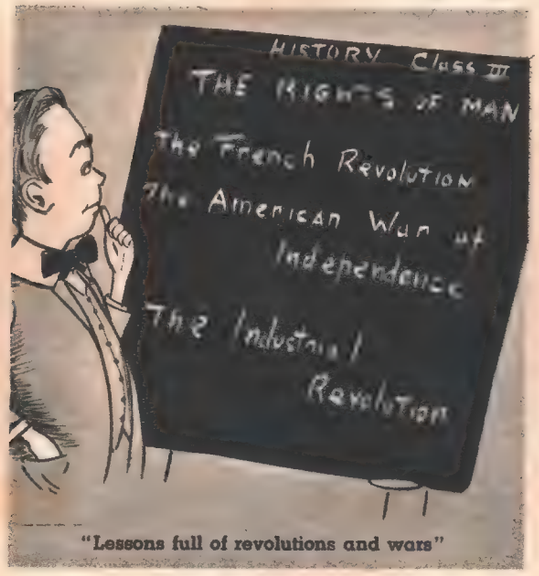
Its subject-matter is happiness and the maintenance of happiness—which is no unimportant subject.

Hundreds of pyschiatrists were trained in the Army. They got up to some strange "tricks," too, such as making the sergeant (above) go through these antics to test his physical co-ordination. They also did a lot of useful work at interviews (below) to assess a man's mental fitness for his job

In the social field the psychiatrist hopes to make his greatest contribution to general well-being. Social factors among workers are studied at the Institute of Industrial Psychology (below)

As I was saying ★ by HERBERT HODGE

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING



"Lessons full of revolutions and wars"

Many people seem to have given up hope of ever seeing a really civilized world. But John Bull's friendly philosopher says they are wrong. Humanity has climbed far—and may succeed in climbing a wee bit farther

AS I LISTENED TO THE B.B.C. REPORT of the usual daily bickerings at the Paris Conference the other evening, I wondered how many listeners had given up hope of ever living to see a civilized world.

Judging from the letters I receive from ex-Servicemen, many of us are feeling bitterly disappointed.

Nearly all of us, I suppose, tried to believe in a good time to come while we were actually fighting the war. That belief helped to keep our courage up; helped us to keep on. But those of us who remembered the 1914 war, and what followed it, found such a belief difficult. We hoped for a better world, but we hardly expected it. So we have not been unduly disappointed.

In Britain, itself, conditions have turned out to be better than some of us older people dared to hope—thanks, mainly, to our national planning. But the prospect of world co-operation, of global planning, appears as far away as ever.

This disappointment seems to have hit some of the younger people pretty hard. Lacking experience of previous wars, they expected, quite naturally, that winning this war would give them what they felt they were fighting for — a world which common sense and sweet reason would organize on the lines of the Atlantic Charter.

And now a reader of twenty-three writes to tell me that he is completely disillusioned. He has given up all hope of humanity. The aftermath of this war has evidently acted upon him even more quickly than the aftermath of the last war acted on me. I didn't entirely give up hope until I was twenty-five.

But then, perhaps, I was more optimistic to begin with. A man born in 1901 was almost certain to feel more optimistic than one born in 1923. In the early years of this century, we took human progress for granted. We believed it was a law of nature; that nothing could prevent it.

Of course, we realized we were still a long way from being perfect. I remember, as a schoolboy, in history lesson—which, at my school, seemed to consist chiefly of the dates of kings, queens, executions, assassinations, revolutions and wars—thinking what a lot of misunderstanding there was in the world. But I felt pretty sure all that sort of thing would soon disappear.

I intended, as soon as I grew up, to look into any problems that might still be left, and then to write a book about them, explaining everything to everybody—so that there should no longer be any misunderstanding.

But the 1914 war, the misery and unemployment that followed it, and the unaccountable refusal of my fellow men either to read my writings or to listen in sufficient numbers at the street corner to my extremely reasonable expositions of socialism, finally disgusted me. I tumbled from the mountain peak of optimism into the deepest pit of pessimism.

At the ripe old age of twenty-five, I decided that humanity was beyond redemption. I washed my hands of it.

I felt, as the King of Brobdingnag puts it, in *Gulliver's Travels*, that humanity was "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

Had I been the logical and completely commonsensical person I supposed myself to be, I should have made an end of myself at this point. But, although I had washed my hands of the human race, I discovered, to my astonishment, that I didn't want to die.

This was awkward, because there was now no sound reason for my remaining alive. However, since I wanted to live, I decided I would remain alive out of curiosity — just to see what would happen next.

I recommend this to my correspondent—and to anyone else who may have given up hope.

Curiosity Keeps On

Hope may come and go, but curiosity keeps on forever. At all events, it does in me. I'm always anxious to see what's going to happen next. And, to that extent, I am never disappointed.

Something is bound to happen. It may be comic or tragic, pleasant or painful, or merely humdrum. But it does happen. And it's always new. It's never quite the same as what happened yesterday. So it can hardly fail to be interesting.

Admittedly, curiosity is seldom sufficient to provide a worthwhile motive for one's whole life. But it's a good standby. It's always there to fall back upon, when hope has temporarily let you down.

When you find yourself suddenly flung out of the main stream of life against the sharp and rocky bank, curiosity gives you something to cling to, until you can get your breath back, and plunge in once again.

Because, of course, you always do want to plunge in again, sooner or later.

You sit on the bank, and look at the rushing stream—a stream which humanity always seems to be struggling *against*. The current always seems to be flowing strongly downstream, toward death and destruction, while humanity tries to fight its way upstream, toward life and fulfilment.

And however silly or tragic the struggles of the little creatures may seem, however often they may be swept away as a result of their own shortsightedness and folly, you can't, even at the disillusioned age of twenty-three or twenty-five, sit there watching them for very long in cold blood.

You soon begin to feel there must be *some* way of getting up the stream, no matter how many men may have tried and failed. The time comes when you can no longer resist the urge to try. You plunge in again, and have another go.

An Optimistic Pessimist

That, at least, is the way it has usually affected me. If I'm not quite so blindly optimistic nowadays, as I was in my teens, I'm certainly not so pessimistic as I was in my later twenties. Nowadays, I like to call myself an optimistic pessimist. Experience has taught me to expect the worst, but it has never convinced me that the worst is the final answer.

We human beings seem to be a cross between gods and monkeys, capable of reaching the heights, yet continually wallowing in the depths. The god can imagine a united world, in which there is plenty for everyone. He can invent the machinery to make that world immediately possible. There seems no reasonable obstacle to it—no bar to future human happiness.

Yet, somehow, the monkey always makes a muck of it.

At the present time, with all these plans and inventions at our disposal, we still find ourselves short of nearly everything and facing the threat of yet another war. Our ancestors managed better than that without any of our modern inventions.

The most annoying thing about it is that we can't separate the god and the monkey, because they are essential parts of every one of us—the two faces of the same individual.

But there is one crumb of comfort in this awkward combination. If we feel we fall too far short of being gods ever to be able to build a civilized world, we can at least comfort ourselves with the thought that we haven't done so badly for monkeys. And since we've succeeded in clambering this far up, there's always the possibility that we may succeed, almost any day, in clambering a wee bit higher.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

a great art

NO MACHINE can work forever at full pressure. If it is overworked, breakdown is inevitable. The human brain is no exception. It may not break down completely, but it will slow up and function lamely unless it is allowed its periods of rest and recuperation.

In *The Bruce-Partington Plans*, the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle summed up this point.

"One of the most remarkable characteristics of Sherlock Holmes," says Watson, "was his power of throwing his brain out of action and switching all his thoughts on to lighter things, whenever he had convinced himself that he could no longer work to advantage."

Now just read that again, and make sure you know exactly what it means.

To look after the human machine, a good deal of self-knowledge, self-discipline and cool judgment is required.

Many people agree with Sherlock Holmes that a change of occupation is as good as a rest, and I think they're right. True relaxation is rarely attained by idleness, for there is no pleasure in that, and pleasure is a necessary ingredient of relaxation. Besides, doing nothing—if it is really possible to do nothing—can often prove to be very hard work indeed.

No, the secret of relaxing is to forget for a time the worries and unsolved problems that have been requiring solid thought, and do something needing little effort and no mental strain. It's not always easy, but it's an art worth cultivating.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

She looked just like a kid all tired out after playing. I was glad I hadn't sworn at her after all

nylons

Five hundredweight of nylons, with no shortage of legs to put them on, is a tempting bit of haulage—but somehow he couldn't be angry with the blonde who wore her hair like Veronica Lake

by KENNETH McLEAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN twenty other long-distance lorries out in the cafe parking ground just then, but I'd know the sound of the self-starter on mine among a hundred.

That double hiccup it gives before the pinion meets up with the flywheel had me on my feet, and my coffee dripping on to the floor, in half a second.

I'd only just come in, too. Been trying to fight off the sleepy feeling that always comes along about two in the morning, no matter how much sleep you've had the day before. Tried the usual trick of wetting my eyelids and popping my head out of the cabin window. The cold air on them usually snaps you out of it; but this time it persisted, and seeing Kelly's cafe lantern ahead decided me on a black coffee.

Shouting "Sorry" to Kelly, as I heard my cup falling to bounce on the deck, I rushed through the door in time to see the tail lamp of my eight-wheeler swing out on to the road and head south. Very convenient, I thought, for me to have left it all set for a quick getaway.

I was dithering whether to try and catch up with her—she's a bit slow on the low gears—or dash back to the cafe for another driver, when I saw Fred Parker making for his lorry. "Fred!" I bawled, "My wagon's been pinched."

He gave me a queer surprised look, but I think it was because I didn't call him "Nosey" like he's used to. Apart from his surname, he has got an outsize in noses. He didn't reply, which was nothing new—never does speak much—but he did better. He nipped into his cabin and started up, quick as a wink, and I was sitting beside him a bit quicker than that.

I pointed down the road the way my lorry had gone, and, from the way his nose wrinkled, I guessed he'd been heading just the other way before. Chatty as ever, though, he never made a peep, but kept his foot down on the accelerator till I expected it to bust through the floorboards. He was light-loaded and I knew he'd catch up on my job within a mile or two, as I had a full ten tons aboard.

There was no point in telling him my worries. He'd only nod and keep staring ahead on either side of that long nose. I consoled myself by figuring out just what I'd do to the bloke that stole my lorry.

It was those blasted nylons, of course. Nobody'd want to run off with nine and three-quarter tons of roofing slates, even if they had the houses to put 'em on, but five hundredweight of nylons, with no shortage of legs to put *them* on, was a very tempting bit of haulage. So tempting, I wasn't going to take them at first, what with being scared to leave the waggon out of my sight in any town, and having to do the trip in one night for the same reason.

As usual, though, the garage foreman talked me over. Oh, they'd be well sheeted over, of course, and it would just make up my loading weight. Besides, if they didn't reach the shops, how about the war-weary women who were watchfully waiting?

That, by the way, is one of his favourite games. Alliteration! Wonder what he'd say if he could have seen me then? I thought up a few ripe ones for his collection as we batted along that road.

A glimpse of a tail light sliding round a bend put them all out of my mind. "There! Nosey. That's it," I shouted. I was bouncing like a kid at a circus, but Nosey just nodded and kept after it.

Whoever was driving my lorry was handling it well. I could see from the way it hugged the verge on the bends, and kept up speed on the hills, that the driver was an old hand with the heavy stuff.

He couldn't have had any suspicion of being chased, because, when Nosey gave him the lights, he pulled close in to let him pass.

Nosey spoke for the first time as we drew nearer the cabin—I'd been too busy checking on the ropes to look at the driver. "It's a dame," he said.

That made me look, and quick. He was right, it *was* a girl. But what a girl! I could see her face quite clearly by the light of our side lamps, and I think she was the best looker I've ever seen, and I'm not partial to blondes.

I'm sure my eyes were popping, and my face must have looked kind of funny to her, because she laughed a bit and gave me a wave as we passed. She wore her hair like Veronica Lake, too. Fancy driving a ten-tonner with one eye covered! No wonder my eyes were popping.

IT was her turn to look surprised when we blocked the road and she had to pull up. As she jumped down and ran towards us, I happened to notice her figure didn't let her face down the least bit, even if she was wearing slacks. But it was time to forget faces and figures. This was serious. My lorry had been pinched by this beauty.

I met her half way. "Look here," I began, and that's as far as I got, because she said just the same words, and carried on where I left off.

By the time she'd paused for breath I began to wonder if I'd stopped the right lorry after all.

Just then, Nosey drove past, after having turned his wagon. As he went by he gave me a casual sideways nod, as if we'd just passed each other on a Sunday stroll, leaving me to handle the girl on my own, a prospect I wasn't so sure about now.

Classy talker she was, too. Proper

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Fission in Filmland

RECENTLY I dreamt that I was a multi-multi-millionaire. Tired of leading the unhappy life that the rich are supposed to lead, I concocted an idea to trick the great nations into revealing their discoveries in atomic fission.

Briefly, I offered in secret a million pounds each to Britain, America and Russia to be used for making a film showing their progress in atomic research. My idea was then to gather representatives of all three countries and show the films so that each would know what the other was doing.

They could then go forward to the atomic age hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, bathed in the rosy glow of alpha and gamma rays.

As often happens in dreams, the films were ready in a couple of seconds. In fact, the British studios had two shots at it in the same space of time.

★ ★ ★

They first signed up Laurence Olivier, James Mason, Stewart Granger, Margaret Lockwood, Vivien Leigh and Phyllis Calvert. The story was set in a country house and took place during one of those forgotten summers when the sun shone for several days on end.

The characters were all very well bred, and the boy met the girl but they couldn't get married until he had finished working on what everyone called "His Invention." Occasionally he disappeared moodily into a room fitted up with a lot of test tubes and electrical gadgets.

Then one night an agent of a foreign power was found trying to steal the plans of The Invention. There was a fight which lasted from the room full of test tubes right down to the front hall where the village policeman turned up with a notebook and said "'Ullo, what's all this?"

The Invention was finished the same night and the two got married in St. Margaret's, Westminster.

In addition to all this, there was a distracted duchess, several elderly aunts with lorgnettes, Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne, a village cricket match and a lot of dogs.

★ ★ ★

Unfortunately it was decided that the film was just the thing for enhancing the prestige of British films in America, so it was sent to Broadway instead of being given to me. The British Council also took copies to help spread British Culture among the native tribes of M'Plinka-M'Plonka.

So then they handed over the whole idea to the Documentary Boys. The Boys tossed the straying locks off their foreheads, hitched up their corduroy slacks, and stuffed their pockets full of dark-green lens filters.

They put their cameras on the ground and photographed workmen climbing up ladders. They took pictures through the glass of laboratory retorts and electrical discharge tubes. They photographed waving corn and pylons against a sunset. They brought back scenes of Devonshire with white clouds against black skies, and shots of the Lake District with even whiter clouds against blacker skies.

Then there was a big scene showing tennis balls, representing atoms, bouncing in all directions like a solidified firework display. This was accompanied by music which sounded like an orchestra tuning up in a hurry and by a voice reciting rhythmically:

Uranium, plutonium — the atoms bash about,
Alpha catches gamma such a bang upon the snout.
Electrons, and neutrons
Bombarding deutrons—
That's what it's all about.

There were pictures of telegraph boys, bargees, men in dungarees and a girl with her hair blowing in the wind. There were scenes showing wheels revolving, pistons moving, cranes working, conveyors conveying, and a machine for grading eggs.

It was beautifully photographed and the British Council took copies for showing from travelling vans in the Outer Hebrides.

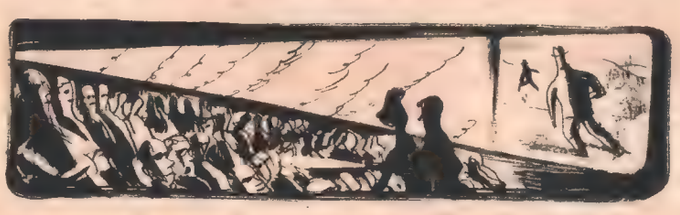
★ ★ ★

When I approached America about an atom film I found that, as usual, Hollywood had got there first. They had already made a film telling the inside story of atomic research. It starred Bing Crosby, Rita Hayworth, Ingrid Bergman, Frank Sinatra, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour and the Ink-spots. Betty Grable was the scientist who first split the atom.

Naturally, the producers did not want to duplicate this subject. But they were willing to use my million to make a new film showing either Fred Astaire inventing a bacterial bomb or Lauren Bacall inventing a rocket to travel to the moon.

The Russians completed their film in no time and in my dream I was able to see it at once. It started with a flourish of trumpets and then the screen went black for fifteen minutes. Then came a close-up of Mr. Molotov saying "No" and an iron curtain dropped in front of him.

I decided that this was where I came in, and woke up.



Mayfair accent. "What right have you to stop me in this manner?" she started off again, glancing back up the road every moment, anxious like. "And don't keep staring at me like a fool. Haven't you ever seen a girl driving a lorry before?"

That was a break. I was being asked a question. "Not my lorry, I haven't," I came back.

That shook her. "Your—your lorry?" she stammered. "But I saw the driver go——"

She seemed to realize she'd said too much, and stuck, so I prompted her: "Go into the cafe, and thought he'd be safe there for his half-hour break? You're well up in this game, aren't you? What were you after? Nylons?"

That set her off again, but on a new line. She burst into the weeps, denying all knowledge of my load.

There's two things reduce me to a sentimental mug, a dog whining or a woman in tears. You'll hardly credit this, but inside of a minute I was handing her up into my cabin like a blinking chauffeur, and asking, where to, please, sort of thing. Couldn't very well leave her in the middle of the moors alone, could I?

Got the rest of her story between sobs, as we went along. Wasn't such a bad kid after all, from what she said. Learned to drive in the ATS. Was now hitch-hiking to London to save money; wanted to work there. Yielded to a crazy urge when she saw my lorry, and wanted to drive again. Was very sorry for the trouble she'd caused. So sweet of me to forgive her. Wasn't nothing, I assured her, feeling all soft and blushy-like.

AFTER a few miles, she dropped off to sleep, and every now and again I took a quiet look at her. With that big lock of yellow hair swinging down across her face as the lorry swayed and bounced, she looked just like a kid all tired out after playing. I felt glad I hadn't sworn at her after all.

About an hour before dawn she yawned, and gave me a smile that made lorry driving seem the best job in the world. "Don't you drivers ever eat?" she asked, and, in the same breath, "Where are we now?"

"Getting near Stevenage," I answered, glancing in my mirror, for the umpteenth time, at the lights that had been following me most of the way down. I hate anything tailing me, and they were beginning to get on my nerves. Thought it was the speed cops at first, but when they were still there through two or three different counties, I knew it couldn't be. Still, now that I'd something else to occupy my mind, they didn't bother me any more.

I grinned back at my passenger. "Peckish? There's a good eating place along here a bit."

"The Log Cabin?" she asked.

"You know it then?" I was surprised.

"Wizard place. We always stopped there with the convoys." I liked the way her teeth flashed when she smiled.

For all I was beginning to take to this girl, I made sure she walked into the roadhouse in front of me, and I sat between her and the door, which I left ajar. Once bitten, and all that.

She was just as easy to talk to as look at, and we were getting along fine when a flashy-dressed cove, who'd come in after us, laid down his cup and came across to our table.

There was no question of being jealous, but I was all set to send him about his business if he said one word to her. He'd been looking across at her ever since he came in, but I must say she never even gave him a glance. I mean, you could see he wasn't her type; he looked cheap compared to her.

It was all right, though. He only wanted to know if I could change a tanner. I could, and did, and I was darned sorry a minute later when he went over to the mechanical piano.

It was one of those juke boxes that have a complete jazz band inside its guts, and all the noises of hell came out for one penny. There was no more talking until it finished, so we sat back and made wry faces at each other.

I turned to glare at the flashy cove, but he couldn't stick the noise himself any longer and was making for the door.

WELL, it was a good penn'orth of music—must have lasted for ten minutes—but it stopped at last, and we finished our breakfast in peace, though we didn't seem to have much to say any more. I cursed that piano, and the bloke who started it going.

When she said, "Excuse me, I'll be back in a minute," I guessed it was time to get out to the lorry—just in case.

"See you outside," I said, and went out, feeling sort of happy.

The cool air sniffed nice, and I took a deep breath of it while my eyes got used to the darkness. Soon I could see where the sky was beginning to get light and the outline of a hedge across the road. The hedge was getting clearer every second, I could see it quite plain because there was nothing between it and me, not even my lorry!

I knew it couldn't have been the girl again. That came to me as I was running down the road. There was no Nosey to help me this time, nothing at all, not even a bike, so I ran. It was crazy, I knew that, but I ran just the same.

I got a lift in a fast car, after about a mile, but I didn't catch up on the waggon. The police found it for me that evening, and there wasn't one roofing slate missing. But the nylons——?

Well, wherever she is, I bet that girl isn't wearing slacks any more.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THE CLOCKMAKER

It's not a big job for folk to step back their timepieces to a winter schedule, but Yates Wilson, who painted this week's cover, felt sorry for the clockmakers who have to put all their chiming clocks **on** eleven hours. So he lit another cigarette (he has about six burning while he works) and went out in search of a model. He found the ideal work-table and atmosphere in the home of Mr. C. N. Jenkins, a Putney clockmaker, whose aristocratic French timepieces rub shoulders with cheap alarm clocks. Mr. Jenkins, who has the hands and bearing—even the white coat—of a surgeon, was the inspiration for the picture. Wilson tells us he liked this job. He got his old watch repaired at last.

LET THE LOCAL BOYS MAKE GOOD

Develop young local players, and huge soccer transfer fees won't be necessary. In fact, the finances of the game urgently need overhauling throughout. A Ministry of Sport might do some good work

by STANLEY NELSON

Albert Stubbins has just been transferred from Newcastle to Liverpool for the mammoth sum of £13,000

JUST AS THERE WAS A GREAT BOOM in soccer after the first World War, there is every indication that this season will be a record-breaker. More than a million people are attending Football League games each Saturday.

And there are signs that the old scramble for players at any cost will continue. Clubs like Chelsea, Huddersfield Town, Charlton and Arsenal have all been in the transfer market for players to remedy the weak spots already uncovered.

Much as most responsible soccer officials deplore this transfer system, no substitute has been found. All sorts of inducements, such as providing the player with a job, house and cash payment have been uncovered, but these things happen.

The boom in the game was to be expected. Professional football was on a regional basis during the war, with none of the glamour of Arsenal v. Bolton Wanderers or Tottenham Hotspur v. Manchester City—games which add a North v. South flavour to whet the appetite of the soccer public.

Now we have all the crack clubs in opposition again and the League Championship and F.A. Cup competition as the pinnacles of the season's play. True, such famous clubs as Manchester City, Tottenham Hotspur, West Bromwich Albion, Burnley and Sheffield Wednesday are all in the Second Division, while Cardiff City, a team which had a splendid record for a period in between the wars, languishes in League III (South).

Well, football is a business, dependent on hard cash. Therefore any idea of limiting famous clubs to players born in the immediate vicinity is hardly feasible. Yet, I do not see why all football centres with populations of more than 200,000 should not be forced to play teams with up to seventy-five per cent of home-made players. For years clubs like West Ham United, West Bromwich Albion, Sunderland and Middlesbrough have relied in the main on local players, and this policy has paid dividends.

Manchester United, a club which for a decade has looked anywhere for players but on its own doorstep—and at any cost—is having its best season since 1910, *with five local players, who did not cost a penny, in the team!*

Nursery for Professionals

For years Yorkshire has won the cricket championship with teams of Yorkshire-born players. Yorkshire finds that selection and coaching can work wonders. I am confident that a coach like Jimmy Hogan could provide Arsenal, Tottenham, Brentford, Chelsea and Fulham with enough players of the requisite standard from London-born lads alone.

For some reason the north-east and Scotland have always been regarded as the nursery of football professionals. Why?

Stars like Stanley Matthews, Frank Swift, Stanley Cullis, Joe Mercer, Tommy Lawton did not come from these areas. The progress of Continental countries at soccer has shown that geography has little to do with innate football skill. A number of English professional clubs went abroad this summer and, although they won most of their matches, Chelsea was beaten in Denmark, Newcastle annihilated 5-0 by the Norrkoping Club in Sweden, and Wolverhampton beaten at Gothenburg.

France beat England in Paris last May and the skill of the Moscow Dynamo side showed that Russia has made enormous strides at football.

Now, victory over foreign sides has no direct part in my argument, although I do suggest that sporting triumphs do an immense amount of good to our international prestige.

The real point is that playing football is natural to the British boy.

Let us ensure a future for old professionals by appointing them to official coaching jobs in the schools and youth clubs. A Ministry of Sport is possibly a dream of the future but it would mean a system of control which, while preserving the admirable framework of football administration, would have legislative backing.

It would frustrate the sort of thing that is happening now, when the Players' Union, representing over 2,000 professionals, needs to demand increased pay. I sympathize with the professionals.

I do think that the wages claimed by the players are reasonable and that Jimmy Fay, Sammy Crooks, Joe Mercer, Frank Broome and the other leading lights of the union are splendid representatives of a fine body of sportsmen — our professional soccer players.

But at the same time I know that many Third Division clubs could never meet the demands, and only keep going at all by continual subsidy by the directors.

Misled by the cheques waved about by famous clubs for star players, many followers of the game imagine that football clubs are rolling in money.

Only a few of the eighty-eight clubs in the League get gates which are really worth while. Most people do not realize that the Entertainment Tax payable on a 1s. 6d. admission to a football ground is 7½d., and that even with the tax concession on the new charge of 1s. 3d. the takings per 1,000 spectators are only just over £50 when tax has been deducted.

With a playing staff of thirty players on the new rate claimed by the union of £12 a week in the winter and £10 during the sixteen weeks of the summer, the annual wage bill of a club would be £17,760. Then there is £5,000 which must be set aside each year for benefits, with bonuses for wins and cup-tie successes, to swell this huge sum.

Work it out for yourselves on gates averaging 10,000. In fact, it has been estimated that the present demands would mean £25 a man *per match played.*

Obviously, since players like Stanley Matthews are worth an extra 10,000 spectators at any match in which they play, there is something wrong with the finances of the game.

Many parallels have been drawn about the high fees earned by boxers, jockeys, and other public entertainers in comparison with the pittances which our footballers and cricketers receive.

Henry Cotton has increased the status and pay of the golf professional from being a servant of a club and sycophantic giver of lessons to people who will never play real golf to the £5,000 per annum class. But golf and soccer are very different. Soccer is a team game and any suggestion of paying a centre-forward £50 a week, with half-backs on less than half that money, would smash the team idea right open.

Begging Professional

But still we have such anomalies that a player is now out of work because a paltry £200 transfer fee has been placed on him; that, on the other hand, Albert Stubbins has just been transferred from Newcastle to Liverpool for the fantastic sum of £13,000; that a former well-known professional can be seen outside a southern ground begging, with his medals in front of him; that referees are so admirably efficient in spite of the niggardly fees they receive; that players are refusing to be transferred because of the housing situation.

I suggest that a Ministry of Sport might do a great deal to alter such things.

Perhaps an infusion into the aged, although still live, arteries at the Football Association headquarters at Lancaster Gate or at the modest villa in Starkie Street, Preston, Lancashire, where the Football League offices are so surprisingly situated, might, in any case, produce a scheme for tackling today's wage and transfer anomalies.

Why, they might even think my idea of using a majority of local-born players a good one!

Free Speech

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

CHILDREN—SPEND OR SAVE?

MY BROTHER AND I had an argument the other evening. He had just paid twenty-one shillings for a doll for his little girl's birthday. He often buys her expensive toys and his argument is: "Give the children all you can while they are young. Once they start work they won't get much pleasure."

My view is that one should give children simple, inexpensive toys and put the rest of the money in the bank for them. They will be able to use the money to get extra education or training for better jobs. If they do not want that, some money behind them when they first start work will give them a chance to look round until they find a suitable job, instead of being forced into the first thing that is offered.—MISS M. HERBERT, 22 Carlton Street, Salford, 5.

Boss Shows How

AFTER BEING A MONTH on trial in my new job, I went into the boss's room with the usual afternoon cup of tea. "You have been with us a month now, Miss W.," he said, "and have given every

"Concentrate on what you are doing"

satisfaction, but the chief clerk tells me you daydream a bit. Try to concentrate, Miss W., try to concentrate on what you are doing."

Turning to his writing again, he promptly dipped his pen in his tea-cup.—MISS L. W., Bath. (Name and address enclosed).

Hobby for Invalid

FOR A LONG TIME I have been an invalid and get very depressed because I feel useless and a burden to my husband. Is there no hobby I could take up which would pass the time interestingly and bring in a little pocket money? I would be so grateful for ideas.—MRS. DORIS N. ENTWISTLE, 30 Raphael Road, Hove, 3, Sussex.

Parson's Odds

HOW MANY football pool fans realize the tremendously long odds against them when they part with their pennies or shillings each week?

Here are the odds for the benefit of those who do not know: in a twelve results pool, 531,441 to one; in a fourteen results pool, 4,782,969 to one.—REV. S. P. SHIPLEY, Churchill Vicarage, near Bristol.

An Extra Holiday

THE HOLIDAY SEASON has reached its end. We've most of us "had it" from now until Christmas.

The Government should proclaim a one-day public holiday, like a Bank Holiday, to lighten the gloomy winter months ahead. I would suggest the first or second Monday in November. Such a holiday would raise morale and benefit health. Judging by experience during the war, I think the break would tend to raise production rather than lower it.

There is plenty to do on a day off in winter, and, even if a person only stayed pottering about at home, the rest from work would be of benefit.—C. BROWNE, New Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

Going Left-handed?

APPLYING FOR A FORM the other day at the post office, I noticed that the assistant wrote with her left hand. At the office where I work there are two left-handed writers in a dozen clerks. In a class with which I am connected there are also two left-handers in about a dozen. In my younger days I hardly ever came across anyone left-handed.—JOHN BALFOUR, 391 St. John Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1.

Quick Return

MY EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD cousin was called up and was in the Army exactly three weeks. Then he was discharged with ninety coupons, a sum of money and a new rig-out. He has the sight of only one eye and a foot disability.—B. M., Durham. (Name and address enclosed.)

Chalk It Up

IN VIEW OF THIS WINTER'S threatened coal shortage, your readers may be interested in knowing how two hundredweight of coal can be made to go as far as three hundredweight.

If you can get chalk in your part of the country, put a quantity in the grate—in equal proportion with the coal. Once heated, the chalk is practically inexhaustible and gives full satisfaction as far as cheerfulness and warmth are concerned.—F. W. READ, 33 Franklin Place, Chichester, Sussex.

Strike At Strikers

THE PRESENT WAVE OF STRIKES among small sections of the community suggests a drastic but justifiable remedy. If railway porters stop the delivery of parcels or milkmen the supply of milk, then it is logical that these same porters and milkmen should be deprived of the things they need.

If tradesmen refused to supply unofficial strikers with groceries, if publicans refused to serve them with beer and cinema managers would not let them into the pictures, then selfish attacks on the well-being of the community would soon peter out. — J. B. M., Regent Street, London, W.1.

Mystery Men

REGULARLY, ALMOST day in and day out, I am on the footplate of a main-line train going from Paddington to the west. Almost as regularly, in the Reading area, I see a group of men in a well-hidden spot. They have scouts out and obviously think they are completely unobserved. So they are, except from this one angle and from the height of an engine.

What are they doing? I'd like to know.—ENGINE-DRIVER. (Name and address enclosed).

Penalty of Brains

DO PEOPLE EVER STOP to consider the feelings of the "clever boy" of the family? He wins a scholarship or a bursary and, immediately, friends and relations start making plans for his future. They usually stop short of a crown, but only just.

Meanwhile, the poor boy, knowing his own capabilities and shortcomings, is put in constant dread of the future. Eventually, when it's realized that, after all, he is only just another boy, the friends and relations soon forget their former admiration.

I have one boy who has won a scholarship, but if he fails to win renown, he will be no worse than his—FATHER, Edinburgh. (Name and address enclosed.)

"He said 'you die if you worry, you die if you don't, so why worry—Three guineas, please'"

Tit for Tat

MAY I POINT OUT to the reader who complained about women drinking his beer that many a bottle of clear nail varnish was filched by soldiers to keep their buttons and brass shining. So it is not women who do all the scrounging.—MRS. IRIS CROW, 22 Wolseley Road, Ashford, Kent.

Clean Corner

MORE AND MORE WOMEN go to football matches in these days and many of them are nervous of the rather rough, though spontaneous, language heard in

"Rough though spontaneous language"

moments of excitement. Why not have a special enclosure for women only—or at least for women accompanied by men?—W. BARRETT, 4 Mortimer Road, Itchen, Southampton.

"Life's Greatest Mystery"

IN ATTEMPTING TO PROVE the unprovable, the Rev. W. E. Purcell's article, "Life's Greatest Mystery," says, in effect, that there must be an After Life because the world would be almost unendurable if we thought otherwise. Does not he exaggerate the importance of the idea of immortality as a practical aid to living for the average modern man?

My experience is that people tend to live more cheerfully, more fully and with a truer sense of values when they fix their minds on the problems of this world and speculate as little as may be about the unknown. Except to fanatics, religion is seldom a help to courageous dying and, in extreme forms, may cruelly terrorize the sick.—MRS. M. R., Winchester Street, London, S.W.1.

THE REV. W. E. PURCELL says that the mystery of life after death is common to all religions. This so-called mystery offers no difficulty to millions of people in Britain who have solved it through Spiritualism. In fact, it is being solved every day the world over except perhaps in the churches of orthodox religion.—J. V. VARLEY, 42 Bute Street, Moston, Manchester, 10.

*** JOHN BULL publishes this letter as an expression of opinion, but warns readers that investigations into Spiritualism should be made only through a properly constituted Spiritualist church or organization.

The Password

RECENTLY I ASKED for a glass of beer in a village inn in South Wales and was told they had only cider. That puzzled me, as other customers were drinking beer.

I went back to the inn an hour later and asked for my beer, this time in Welsh. I was served immediately.—T. H. N., Chester. (Name and address enclosed.)

A happy couple receives a handsome gift from the sponsors of the American "Hope Chest" programme. All they have to do is to tell radio audiences about their romance

THEY'RE PAID TO LISTEN

Americans get anything from a car to a mink coat for listening to their radio. And there's no licence fee. They can't believe that we actually pay for our programmes

by ROLAND WILD

IT MAY WELL BE that the British listener will always turn on his radio with no more ulterior motive in his heart than the desire to hear what the B.B.C. thinks he should know. The American listener is moderately aghast at this state of affairs, especially when he hears that the radio owner pays for the privilege.

Joe, in the United States, thinks that Tom, in London, has not got the right angle on the affair. The next step, he fears, will be that shoppers will pay entry-fee into the big stores.

On the American side of the Atlantic the listener is regarded as the customer. Like any customer he has to be lured, tempted, fought over with rivals and generally courted in quite a handsome way.

And so into the picture comes a Mr. Knox Manning, at present of Hollywood and the Columbia Broadcasting System, and a man who does his courting over the air so successfully that he gets ten thousand letters a week. He doesn't do it all by fair words. He gives his listeners everything they want and can't buy, and such is human nature that most of the letters to him are asking for more.

Mr. Manning is the very smooth high priest of the new cult that has its own language, a public of a hundred million listeners, with a budget of about £200 a performance.

Typical shows are called *Pot of Gold, Free For All, Hope Chest* and *Telephone Hour*. *Free For All* brings in the ten thousand letters a week from people who want nylons, wheel chairs, non-electric church organs, woodworking tools, portable radios—all of which are unobtainable.

The bellows-type church organ was sent to a clergyman in a remote backwoods chapel in Canada. When a girl wrote that she could not afford a wedding gown, they sent her a dress from Shirley Temple's trousseau. When a woman in the north-west forests said she wanted a pair of chaps, such as cowboys wear, they sent her a pair autographed by Gene Autry.

The girl who looks through the ten thousand letters is Edwina Booth, a descendant of the English actor, Edwin Booth, and she said to me: "You never know how short the world is until you look through this list. It's heart-breaking. We don't take much notice of people who write, 'I want a bottle of whisky because I'm thirsty,' but we do manage to satisfy people who have a good reason."

The *Hope Chest* programme grew because a shock-headed youth called Roy Maypole sheltered from the rain in the City Hall and listened to a queue of people waiting to get marriage licences. He found out they were getting married without much hope of many necessities. He asked over the air for letters and requests, and told the stories of how they met, how he proposed, what she said and where they will live.

The *Hope Chest* couples come to the studio to tell their stories and are rewarded by chests of silver plate, drawers full of linen, honeymoons at famous hotels, motor cars and perambulators—all given free in exchange for a few words of advertisement.

They Like to Eavesdrop

The *Telephone Hour* is a peculiar outcrop of the new trend in informal chatter over the air. The producer merely telephones people all over the west of America, asking what they are doing, how they feel today and what movies they like. The listening audience hears only one side of the conversation. It is like listening-in on someone else's telephone. A hundred thousand people like to eavesdrop this way every day.

There are queues every night for seats in the little theatres where the fourteen shows a week of this type emanating from the Columbia Broadcasting Studios in Hollywood are actually performed. Some make a profession of it, attending two shows a day and trying to get on the air to answer questions, take part in contests and be made a fool of if necessary.

One show asked people to give a dancing lesson on the stage. The pupil turned out to be Arthur Murray, the famous dancer. Others had to teach Schiaparelli how to design a dress and instruct Don Ameche in the art of making love! It was the old game of "Penalties" brought up to the status of million-dollar business.

I asked Knox Manning for the mental age of his audiences, and he thought twelve was a fair estimate.

Other programmes have appeared on the principle that even an insult is better than no mention at all.

Jack Benny ran a programme with prizes for the best answer to the question: "Why I detest Jack Benny"; and the estate agents sponsored a programme telling "Why we hate real-estate men."

Some programmes are "sustainers," without commercial backing and merely to popularize the broadcasting system, but there is always the hope that a sponsor will be attracted and add his "plug."

"Plugging" is Short

The advertisement usually breaks in at the critical point of the broadcast and is resented here as much as in Britain, but in actual timing it is infinitesimal. The corporation limits the time spent in all boosting. Thus, in a half-hour programme only one and a half minutes can be devoted to the "plug."

In the broadcast of the Louis-Conn fight, Gillette Razors gave one announcement only, after having paid Mike Jacobs £25,000 for the right to broadcast the brief battle.

Roy Maypole brings an expert knowledge of psychology to his job. "We will get interest as long as the selfish motive lasts in a human being," he says. "It's the law of Confucius and it's still good today. It's nice to give away things anyway."

He chooses his victims carefully; he likes extroverts on the programme, people who will be good for a laugh, and he dislikes "smartypants" intensely. He notices that the public is no longer frightened of the microphone. Ex-soldiers, particularly, used to taking an active part in army entertainments, talk naturally and well into the mike.

Legal Sharks Listen

A tangle of legal contracts protects "audience participation" shows. When Old Gold cigarettes were giving away £500 mink coats for letters, before employing Frank Sinatra, who costs about the same, there was an unfortunate omission one night and the announcer forgot to say "the judges' decision is final." At once, writs came into the studio claiming that the winning letter was inferior to one submitted by "my client." The sponsor had to pay off, and since then producers sometimes regard their audiences as sharks and pirates.

The origin of these shows has been claimed to be the war-time ban on interviewing people in the streets. The producers then started a show called *Meet the Missus*, catching housewives in the big stores.

There were so many letters that it was realized the great American public wanted to hear ordinary-life stories, unsensational narratives and small-town gossip as a change from the world-renowned figures on most programmes.

The *Pot of Gold* show was banned as being a lottery, but there is no element of chance in earning money for answering such questions as "Who was the seventh President of the United States?" or "Is Bikini a drug, a baseball player, a card-game or an island?" Answer questions like that consistently enough and you are a star of the "Gimme" programmes.

Probably it will never happen in England. Without doubt there would be enough brides, housewives, extroverts and lure-seekers to fill the programmes, but an essential feature would be absent. The listening audience might not buy "The Soap that is Gentle to Undies" just because ten thousand people a week wrote asking for something.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

"I PROPOSE LENDING my son-in-law several hundred pounds, free of interest, but am doubtful about how the income tax authorities will treat the case. They will naturally want to know what has happened to my capital which was invested and brought in a small income. Should I be in order in not mentioning the loan?"

JB The income tax authorities will not necessarily want to know what has happened to your capital. If they do inquire, there is no reason why you should not tell them. As you will receive no interest on the loan it need not be shown on your income tax return.

Lump Sum Demanded

"SOON AFTER MY HUSBAND and I were married in August, 1944, he was called up for the Forces. We had an income tax rebate of £46 shortly afterwards. Now a note has been sent by the income tax authorities saying that my husband owes £32 from 1943. What is his position?"

JB It is unlikely that your husband will be pressed for payment of arrears in a lump sum. The matter may be taken into account when he is re-coded for P.A.Y.E. on leaving the Forces.

No Claim

"DURING 1940 THE POLICE ordered us to leave our house on account of a time-bomb in the road. We were not able to return until a week later. Ever since, the landlord has been demanding the rent for that week. Has he the right to do this?"

JB No, you are not obliged to pay rent for the house during the time it was uninhabitable owing to enemy action, and the landlord should not continue to claim it.

Lawyers' Fees

"HOW MUCH CHEAPER is a Poor Person's Lawyer than an ordinary solicitor? I recently paid £3 for a straightforward maintenance case. What might it have cost if I had consulted a solicitor privately?"

JB A Poor Person's Lawyer is only able to give advice. The solicitor appears to have acted in a private capacity in your case. His fee is lower than is usually charged.

Building Roads

"I AM THE OWNER of ten cottages on a country road. A new estate of semi-detached villas is to be built in the fields at the back of my cottages, and the corporation has sent me notice to build three roads, one at each end of my property and one at the back. The cost is to be £520. These roads won't add one penny to the value of my property. Am I liable for this charge?"

JB If you do not make up the roads in accordance with the demand of the corporation, they may make up the roads and charge you the cost according to your frontage space.

Claimant to Estate

"LAST FEBRUARY MY SISTER died but no will has been found. A girl is claiming to be her daughter but no birth certificate can be traced, and I know that the will, if one existed, was not made in her favour. There are five other sisters who should benefit."

JB If no will is found, and if your late sister's estate is not valued at more than £1,000, the girl who claims to be her daughter will take all. She will, however, be required to provide proof of her parentage. If she is unable to do so, the estate will pass to the brothers and sisters of the deceased in equal shares.

Allowance Repayment

"BEFORE I VOLUNTEERED for the Navy I was employed as a postman. I am now being demobilized. If I leave the service of the G.P.O., shall I have to repay the allowance which was made to my mother during my period of service with the Forces?"

JB The money paid to your mother is not repayable unless you signed an agreement to return to work for the G.P.O. as a condition of the allowance being made.

YOUR SHIELD OF SECURITY

JOHN BULL's Great Free Household Insurance provides a shield of security for every home, by which registered readers' furniture and effects—more precious than ever today—are safeguarded against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

Registration forms can be obtained from JOHN BULL's Insurance Department, 128 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"Bullets" Competition is 34 years YOUNG to-day!

AT these offices in Long Acre, on October 5, 1912, a bouncing baby was born. Its name was *Bullets*.

Coming unscathed through two world wars, this unique competition—thirty-four years old today—has outlived all rivals. So far, prizes value well over £1,000,000 have been won by JOHN BULL readers, and still the golden stream of prize-money pours out from Long Acre every Wednesday.

To celebrate the 34th Birthday of *Bullets*, a record post-war First Prize of £1,000 is offered for the best entry received this week—and that fortune can be yours for a few well-chosen words. If you want this huge First Prize or any of the other thirty-three big cheques, start now on your *Bullets* and post your coupon below by Monday, October 14.

HOW TO WIN. To make a *Bullet* add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* given. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual. This week's prize efforts show some winning styles; for further help enclose *Bulletin* label below with your entry.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated November 2, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

£1,500 "Bullets" Cash

First Prize, £1,000 and Millionaire's Weekend for Two; Second Prize, £100; Third Prize, £50; Fourth Prize, £25. Other Prizes: 10 of £10; 20 of £5; 50 of £1; 500 of 2s. 6d.; 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes, each with £20 opportunity.

EXAMPLES

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

BRITAIN'S ROAD
WHAT WE MAKE
MAN'S FOLLY
INTERNATIONAL DOGFIGHT
ROUND THE TABLE
WAITER STRACHEY
THE TROUBLE TODAY
HOME OF THE FUTURE
TRUE HAPPINESS
CURE FOR STRIKES
DONE WITH
HELPING HAND
WORRIED HER
HEAVEN KNOWS WHEN
SONNY'S WORK
HEARTBREAKING
ON THE RADIO
WITHOUT WARNING
WE'D BE BETTER OFF IF
FIREWORKS IN THE VILLAGE

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions

GETS NO .....
WHY DAD'S .....
"YOU'VE ..... IT!"
..... BABY
PLENTY OF .....
WHEN LIFE'S .....

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,546

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus £20 Radio:
T. POWRIE, 20 Abbotsford Street, Dundee:
Getting Men Down—Mines—"What A Job"!

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus £20 Radio: F. Gardiner, 167 Edmund Road, Sheffield, 3: **Steady, Mr. Molotov—"Obstruction's"** *Opening* **"Old Paths"!** THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus £20 Radio: Mrs. S. Pennell, 5 Compayne Mansions, Hampstead, N.W.6: **On A Desert Island—Solly—Gilding Three Coconuts!**

10 RADIO PRIZES value £20: J. W. Booth, 55 Grosvenor Crescent, Louth: **When You Think—You're Unobserved, You're "Revealed."** Mrs. A. I. Creber, 12 Headland Grove, Paignton: **Hammering Away—*It* Can Make *Britain*!** Miss E. D'Ambra, 64 Arlington Road, N.W.1: **She Wanted A Name, But—Love Came—Fame, Tame.** Mrs. G. Furzey, 30 Acres, Rocombe, Uplyme, Lyme Regis: **On A Desert Island—Since I "Buried Treasure."** C. Hammill, 52 Mount Pleasant, Hayle: **Hammering Away—Official—Colleagues Tapping Foreheads!** J. R. Mickelson, 18 Mearns Street, Greenock: **Started A Panic—Floating Mine In Cornfield!** R. M. Nicholl, 10 Adur Avenue, Shoreham-by-Sea: **Life Is Short, So—Seize It—Squeeze it!** J. Scott, 55 St. Paul's Road, Salisbury: **Every Monday Morning—Hardly Awake—Easily "Roused."** J. Topp, 8 Ensworth Road, Lymington: **Holding The Baby—Auntie's "Starch" Soon "Crumpled."** H. W. Williams, 17 Parliament Hill Mansions, Lissenden Gardens, N.W.5: **Regular Customer—But Bench Resented "Wotcher!"** B. Wright, 20 Church Lanes, Fakenham: **Life Is Short, So—Make "Brief Candle" "Torch."**

50 prizes of £1 and 1,500 "Good Shot" prizes have been posted to winners.

5 WINNERS IN XWORD No. 498

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Fish. 3, Log. 6, Books. 8, Lurks. 12, Mooing. 14, Note. DOWN: 2, Horse. 4, Glut. 5, Till. 7, Satan. 9, File. 10, Find. 11, Alive. 12, Mine. 13, Din.

FIVE £100 SHARERS: I. Bell, Co. Antrim; E. J. Day, Lee-on-Solent; E. A. Hart, Liverpool, 15; Miss K. Root, Thornbury; L.A.C. G. Usher, Ystrad Mynach.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 63 entrants. Winners receive Fountain-pens in addition.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 1,550 (or Xword 502), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

XWORD PRIZES

Up to 50 Fountain-pens for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes value 10s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Pens—£100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Radio for Outright Winner.

Post Square by Monday, Oct. 14.

Across Clues.

1. There are some complaints difficult indeed to
2. A savage is this compared with fighter in scientific age
6. The bigger one is, the more difficult to lick
9. Ought to be fired
10. It's easy to run up very stiff one with powerful car
14. Often like fish
15. Racehorses wouldn't be the same if it weren't for these

Down Clues.

3. Some people are apt to go off the deep end when they
4. Woman who's taken a small one sometimes feels the pinch
5. You'll get this treatment at almost any big emporium
7. Might possibly throw light on what appeared a fearsome beast
8. Drought is occasionally followed by devastating this
11. Often have their wings clipped
12. If it's this it won't last
13. Must be sound and strong or it will let in water

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

1,550 Closing Postmark, MON., OCT. 14

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

BULLETIN and GAZETTE LABEL

On Saturday, October 26, you can receive your *Bulletin* and *Gazette* with special Offer of Christmas Hampers. To get it, address and 2½d. stamp this label—or enclose 2½d. std. addressed envelope.

STICK 2½d. STAMP HERE AND ADDRESS THIS LABEL

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

363 .....

How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending Square only with 6d. address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

Closing Postmark, MON., OCT. 14

502

No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

.....

■	1C	U	R	■	■	2	I	L	3D
4S	O	L	O	■	5	■	M	O	I
H	M	■	6S	■	A	7M	P	■	■
O	A	8R	S	■	I	O	■	S	E
■	■	■	■	9C	R	O	■	K	■
■	10	I	L	L	■	■	■	I	11F
12	■	N	O	■	G	■	13	■	O
A	T	■	B	R	A	V	O	■	■
14D	I	■	E	R	S	■	L	I	L
■	N	■	S	502		15	E	T	S

"Poor girl, her hands were a sorry sight; she was ashamed to go out. Oh yes, they cleared up beautifully. I must say Dettol Ointment worked a miracle on her."

Dettol Ointment is strongly recommended for the treatment of septic conditions of the skin which require a soothing, healing, antiseptic cream.

DO YOU LONG TO LOOK *Vital, Youthful & Fresh*

THE beauty that surpasses all is that which comes from inner health. And modern women have found the secret of that inner health in a very simple formula—Bile Beans, just a couple at bedtime.

Purely vegetable, they ensure a regular removal of the toxic wastes so harmful to the system and detrimental to the figure. By their gentle cleansing of the bloodstream Bile Beans create the very foundation of fitness and vitality.

Beauty from Inner Health by taking

BILE BEANS

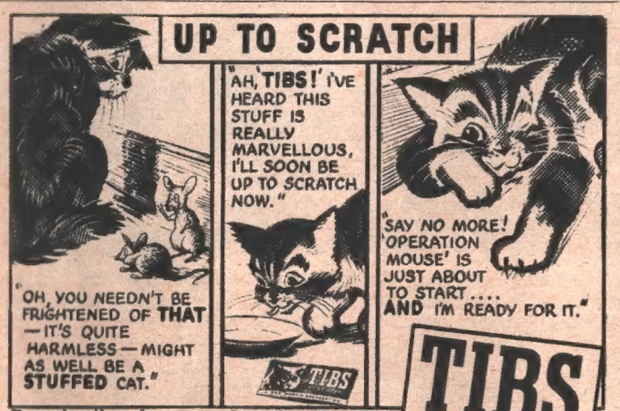
HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF LOVELIER-FOR HIM

Try changing to the *one* powder which contains the secret of longer-lasting loveliness—Poudre Tokalon. Mousse of Cream, its amazing patented ingredient, will keep your complexion fresh and matt for hours—bringing you beauty that *he* will adore and that other women will envy.

In five heart-disturbing shades Rose Peach, Rachel, Peach, Brunette and Natural.

Poudre
TOKALON
FOR LONGER-LASTING LOVELINESS

UP TO SCRATCH

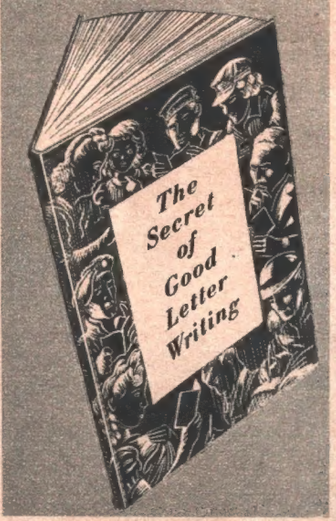

"OH, YOU NEEDN'T BE FRIGHTENED OF THAT—IT'S QUITE HARMLESS—MIGHT AS WELL BE A STUFFED CAT."
"AH, TIBS!' I'VE HEARD THIS STUFF IS REALLY MARVELLOUS, I'LL SOON BE UP TO SCRATCH NOW."
TIBS
"SAY NO MORE! 'OPERATION MOUSE' IS JUST ABOUT TO START.... AND I'M READY FOR IT."
TIBS
KEEP CATS WELL

Remember the rule—one powder a day. Cats like 'Tibs.' From all corn merchants and chemists, in packets of nine powders for 7d.
A product of Bob Martin Limited, Southport, Lancs.

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS THAT INFLUENCE PEOPLE



Send Today for this Invaluable BOOK

Many people find it difficult to write a good letter. This wonderful little 64-page book will make all the difference! Can you write a letter to pacify someone who is angry?—Can you write a satisfactory application for a job?—Do you know how to write a love letter?—What to write when asking a favour?—How to write a letter of thanks?

It's all explained in simple language in this little book, which shows you how to become a first-class letter writer and how to avoid mistakes and dangerous phrases. Look at the list of just a few of the vital "letter writing" points dealt with in this book. Supplies are limited. A copy can be yours for the low privilege price of only 1/- provided you apply at once.

DO THIS NOW. Complete Order Label below and post with P.O. for 1/- to **Odhams Press Ltd., "Secret of Good Letter Writing," Book Dept. J.V.2, 49, Neal St., London, W.C.2.** Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./. All applications must be received by October 16th. Offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. **If from N. Ireland or Eire, country MUST be clearly stated on label.**

What this book tells you!

Here is a glimpse of the contents of this invaluable little book

- Love letters
- Applying for employment
- Letters of complaint
- Letters of apology
- Letters of application
- Letters of congratulation
- Letters of sympathy
- Letters of introduction
- Letters of thanks
- Business-like letters
- Letters to children
- Common faults
- Disguising emotions
- Terms of endearment
- Ending a letter
- First sentences
- Letters of indignation
- Refusal of invitations
- Methods of writing
- Mixed metaphors
- Planning letters
- Self-expression
- Self-pity
- Writing to strangers
- Testimonials, etc., etc.

BOOK WITH CARE

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN COUNTY

If undelivered return to Book Dept., Odhams Press, Ltd., 49, Neal-street, London, W.C.2.

C.A.I., J.V.2. 5/10/46

Need it be a cut in Health?

BREAKFAST
LUNCH
SUPPER

No! A natural food is available to all which not only adds its own extra nourishment to your meals but *extracts* more goodness from every other food you eat. This is Yestamin Vitamin Yeast, combining proteins (40% to 48%) with a rich supply of B_1 Vitamins, and it can really make all the difference to the health of people who are strained and over-tired. In the News Chronicle, Feb. 11th, 1946, a famous medical man (an expert on food) tells the public: "If ever we needed B_1 (Vitamin) it is now . . . as a general nerve tonic . . . and to reduce testiness, intolerance and bad manners." 3 Yestamin tablets taken with every meal give you the needed B_1 Vitamin and in addition supply *all* the other B Vitamins so essential to health. This is why you pay no purchase tax on Yestamin. 100 tablets cost 1/1½, or 300 3/- (a month's supply). *NO DRUGS.* Get Yestamin to-day at your chemist.

Yestamin VITAMIN YEAST * **1/1½** PER 100

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT

INDIGESTION

. . . *cause and remedy*

The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets, which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth, help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach.

Moorland Indigestion Tablets are famous the world over for relieving indigestion, heartburn, acidity and all stomach troubles. Take two Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like and enjoy it. Sold by all chemists, 1/3d., also in 8½d. packets (including tax).

When I have a cough or cold I always get
GIBSON Brand
MECCA PASTILLES
FOR COUGHS, COLDS Etc
and feel much better
FROM ALL CHEMISTS
INC. PUR. TAX 1'3

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MARMITE

It's the
making of delicious
SOUPS · STEWS
GRAVY · PIES
all meat and vegetable dishes

IN JARS FROM ALL GROCERS AND CHEMISTS

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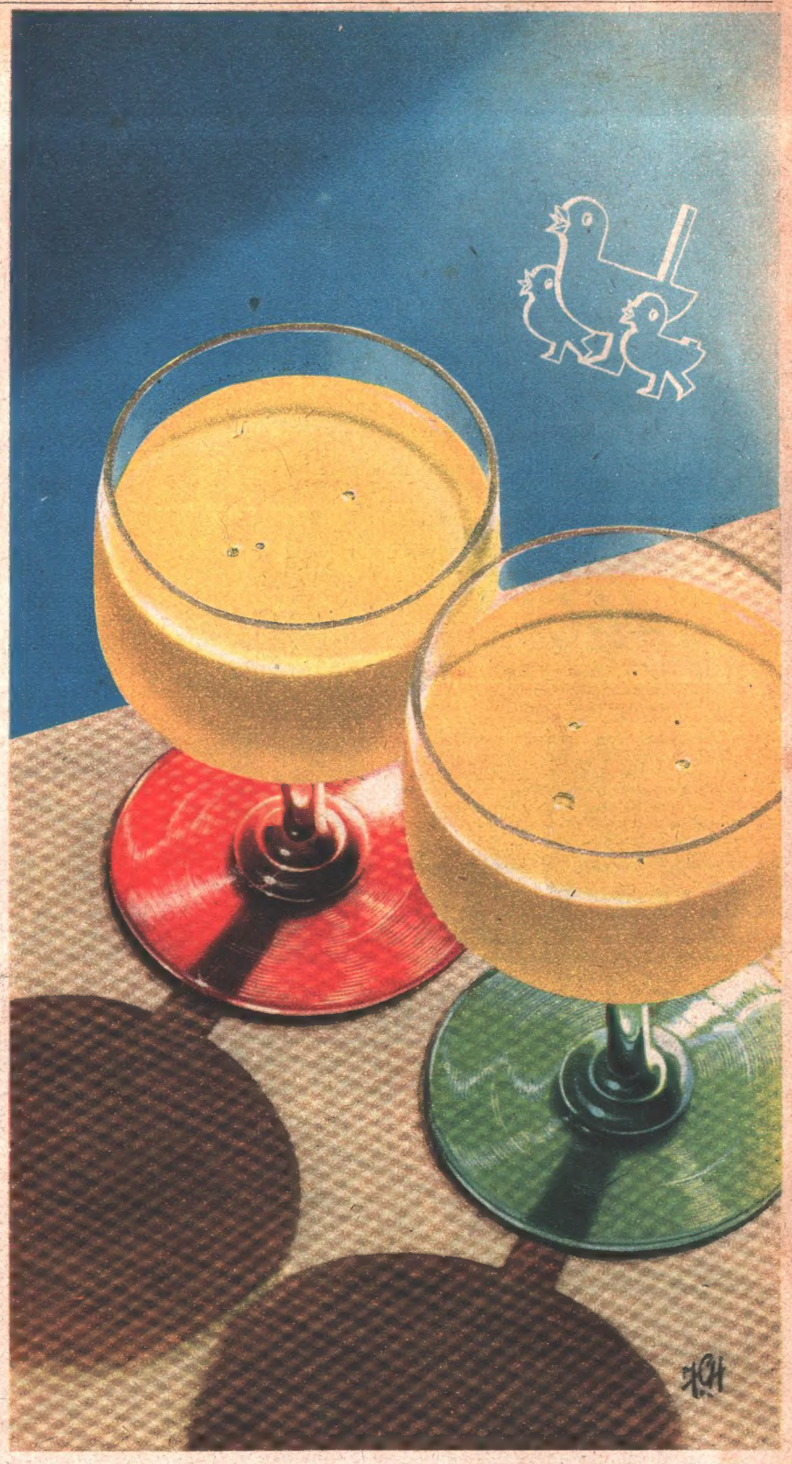

BIRD'S
CUSTARD

BIRD'S CUSTARD AND JELLIES

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